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MRS. SARAH TAPPAN.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. SARAH TAPPAN:

TAKEN IN PART

From the Home Missionary Magazine, of November, 1828,

AND PRINTED FOR

DISTRIBUTION AMONG HER DESCENDANTS.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. xiv, 13.

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PREFACE.

Some time after the decease of Mrs. Tappan, one of her children was applied to by the editor of the "Home Missionary and American Pastor's Journal," for some account of her life, sickness and death, to be published in that magazine. From materials chiefly furnished by her grand daughter, E. P., who, for many years, had devotedly administered to the comfort of her grand parents, a memoir was compiled, which was printed in the above periodical for November, 1828.

The near relatives were each supplied with a copy, and a few copies were distributed among more distant relatives. When the last copy was solicited, by a nephew of the deceased, the thought occurred that it might be gratifying to all the grand children, and other relatives, to be possessed of a memoir of one whom all, who had been personally acquainted with her, had so highly venerated. It was thought too that all the descendants, and other branches of the family, who had never been personally acquainted with the deceased, would prize a memorial of one whose life had been so exemplary, and who had spent much praying breath for her children's children, and for all who were allied to them.

In making arrangements for a re-publication of the memoir, the compiler was advised that it might be profitably extended, by including some particulars that had been omitted in the brief account published in the "Home Missionary," and by the insertion of several letters written by Mrs. Tappan, at various periods, to her children. Several of these letters are therefore printed entire, and extracts are made from others. Thus the original memoir has swelled into a little book.

To make the work additionally valuable, lithographic portraits, both of Mrs. Tappan and her husband, are prefixed. They have been taken from portraits painted by Gilbert Stuart, in the year 1814.

As the memoir is printed for private distribution among the descendants, and family connections, many circumstances are related with a minuteness, and explicitness, that would have been avoided if the work had been published for general perusal. It is thought that it is due to the memory of the departed to give her honest sentiments, in her own language, relating to erroneous opinions imbibed by any members of her family. She loved her children, and her grand children, with endeared affection; she took a deep interest in their temporal welfare; but, above all things, she loved their souls. It was for this that she was so greatly concerned about their eternal welfare. Her sense of duty impelled her to great fidelity as she had opportunity to converse, or correspond, with her children and grand children. And as death approached, she, in the fear of God, raised her warning voice lest some for whom she felt responsible should appear on the left hand of their Almighty Savior

in the great day when he will come to judge the world in righteousness.

Mrs. Tappan's religious sentiments were evangelical. Her experience satisfied her that the statements she found in the Bible of the total depravity of human nature, the necessity of regeneration, the deity and atonement of Jesus Christ, and kindred doctrines, were true, and to be believed in the heart as essential to salvation. During the last years of her life her mind was perpetually dwelling upon the fact that some of her children had embraced Unitarian and Infidel sentiments. It struck her with horror that they should deny the Lord that had bought them; it was her unceasing prayer that the scales might fall from their eyes; and that they might be willing to praise the TRIUNE GOD, whom she had delighted to worship for more than half a century.

The writer of this, adores the God and Savior of his sainted mother, that her prayers were heard and answered on his behalf; and though, owing to the pride of his heart, he deprived himself, during her life, of sweet communion with her in religious fellowship, he looks forward with hope, that maketh not ashamed, to the period when he may be permitted to bow before the throne of the Lamb, and exclaim with her, "My Lord and my God." And it is his prayer that every child, and grand child, of the deceased, may be brought to a knowledge of the truth, and that the truth may make them free.

The subject of this memoir was emphatically a *pious woman.* Religion was with her the absorbing subject. Like Enoch, it may be truly said of her, she "walked with God." She prayed much. She did not content herself

with two or three stated daily seasons of secret prayer, but seized every occasion of leisure to retire and commune with God her Savior. She often arose in the night to pour out the feelings of her heart at the throne of grace. It was her delight also to be engaged in social prayer, and to meet God in the assembly of his saints. She rejoiced in the Lord's day, and very strictly and conscientiously did she observe a seventh part of the whole time, in remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Her faith was strong. It may be truly said of her, she lived by faith.

But she was not *selfish* in her prayers, and religious duties, any more than in her social intercourse. Her religion partook of the benevolence of its divine Founder. She prayed much, it is true, for her children and grand children, but she prayed also fervently for the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, for perishing souls around her, and for the conversion of the world. She took a deep interest in revivals of religion, and in religious intelligence from all parts of the world. She saw in the providential events that were constantly transpiring, the accomplishment of prophecy; and her faith, always strong and vigorous, received new impulse from what she saw of God's mighty movements in the moral world. According to her ability and opportunity, she aimed to be faithful in conversing with sinners, in warning them to flee from the wrath to come, in beseeching them, for Christ's sake, to be reconciled to God. Like Baxter she considered that every sinner who came near her was sent that she might put forth some effort for his salvation. And she prayerfully considered, with respect to such opportunities, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Her manners were gentle and retiring. Still, she has been known to evince great moral courage and self-possession in exigencies of danger and alarm. She was a woman of great sweetness of disposition. In her temper she was forbearing and patient. She had singular delicacy in her feelings and actions; was a peace-maker in the whole circle of her acquaintance; and was ever kind and charitable to the poor, the sick, and the afflicted. Her love of domestic life, and of retirement, were strong. She distrusted her fitness and ability to act beyond the family circle, and over those who were not providentially brought under her special notice. She was sufficiently indulgent towards her children, but still had requisite firmness in her family government.

In her domestic relations she was a most affectionate wife and mother, an example of industry, economy, and diligence. It might, with peculiar propriety, have been said by her, as it was said by the apostle Paul, "*these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me;*" and she was accustomed, as well from the necessity of the case, as from conscientious adherence to the command of the Savior, to "*gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.*" With very little aid from domestics she reared ten children, and to the midnight hour labored for a long period of years to supply their necessities.

Owing to the frugal and simple mode of living which her circumstances and inclination induced her to adopt, and the blessing of God upon it, her habitation was the abode of health. She lost only one child in its infancy, lived to see all the rest attain to adult age, and all outlived

her with the exception of one. Dr. H., in alluding to her skill as a maternal physician, was accustomed to say, if there were ten such mothers in the village he should be without practice.

Her contentment with the allotments of providence was unwavering. For herself, and for those near and dear to her, she had little concern about temporal prosperity, being desirous, above all things, that they should lay up treasure in heaven, in preference to acquiring this world's goods. Her belief in a special and overruling Providence was habitual. Her experience corroborated the statements of Scripture on this subject, and she believed this great truth with her whole heart.

This tribute to the memory of a beloved mother comes from one who made large draughts upon her health, her patience, her industry, her maternal solicitude, and her prayers. It will meet a response in the hearts of her children, grand children, and all who intimately knew her. Of her, whose character is here delineated, it might have been emphatically and truly said, while living, "*She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*" Prov. xxxi, 26—31. And, now she is dead, in view of her useful life, and happy death, who will not exclaim, "*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*" Rev. xiv, 13.

L. T.

MEMOIR.

The truth of the following declaration of the holy Psalmist, has been verified in the lives and deaths of many saints. "*The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.*" Psalm ciii, 17, 18. Experince confirms also the testimony of the wise king of Israel, "*the righteous hath hope in his death.*" Prov. xiv, 32.

It is thought that a striking illustration of the truth of these sayings, and of the mercy and goodness of God, is afforded in the life and death of her who is the subject of this memoir. During a long life the light of her Christian example shone brightly; and when death approached she was permitted and strengthened to say, with the apostle Paul, "*I have fought a good fight,*

I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: And not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. iii, 7, 8.

It is to record the divine faithfulness; to encourage her posterity, and family connections, who are Christians, to fidelity; to show the impenitent with what peace a Christian can die; and to incite those for whom she so ardently prayed, to "work out their own salvation with fear and trembling," that this sketch of an endeared and venerated friend is furnished.

Mrs. Tappan was born in Boston, Mass., January 2d, 1748. She was the daughter of William Homes, Esq., goldsmith; grand daughter of Captain Robert Homes, who married Dr. Benjamin Franklin's sister Mary; and great grand daughter of Rev. William Homes,* a minister near London-

* A manuscript copy of the Diary, and several sermons of this good man, are preserved, and are in the hands of the compiler of this memoir. Part were written, it appears by the dates, in Ireland, and part in this country. It would appear from them that the writer was a humble, active, and prayerful Christian.

derry, Ireland, who emigrated to this country about the year 1700, and was settled at Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Her maternal ancestors were named Dawes, and were early settled in Boston. She was baptized in the "Old South Church," in that city, by the Rev. Dr. Sewall; and was brought up under his ministry. Her father was a justice of the peace, under a commission from the then British governor, but what was a higher honor in her estimation, both her parents were exemplary Christians; and she often mentioned to her children instances of her father's careful observance of the Sabbath, which were evidently connected with the blessing of God.

At one period of his life, his business called him to visit Charleston, S. C., in a vessel belonging to himself. After he had completed his business in Charleston, and the vessel was ready to return, it was detained several days by contrary winds. On Sabbath morning the captain came to his lodgings, told him the wind was fair, and all the wind-bound vessels, that were in readiness, were getting under way. Mr. Homes

replied, "You must not go to sea to-day; it is the Sabbath; and I cannot permit my vessel to leave the port." The captain remonstrated, but in vain. The next day the wind was contrary, and it was not until Thursday that the vessel was able to leave the harbor, when they took a favorable breeze, and were soon wafted to their desired haven.

On arriving at Boston, the captain was surprised to learn that not a single vessel, of those which had left him at Charleston, had arrived; nor did any of them arrive until three weeks after. They had encountered a severe gale; some of them were wrecked; and several were blown off to the West Indies!

Mr. Homes returned by land, and arriving on Saturday night at a village between twenty and thirty miles from Boston, determined to pass the Lord's day there. Before he left the place several persons inquired who the stranger was, and some of them expressed great surprise that he should have been willing to lay by a day, so near home, when he had been so long absent from his

family. He often observed, in after life, that if he had intended to promote his worldly interests only, he could not have done it more effectually, as he had, afterwards, "almost the whole town for his customers."

Through her whole life the deep impression received from her parents, of her obligation strictly to observe the Sabbath, were not effaced. By her example, and precept, she inculcated upon her children the value of this sacred day, and that in remembering to keep it holy there was great reward.

Mr. Homes had a numerous family of children, nearly all of whom died in infancy; and Sarah was herself the subject of numerous sicknesses and exposures, from which she ever regarded her deliverances as special interpositions of Divine Providence. At one time she fell from a chamber window on to the pavement, and was taken up senseless.

These events, the counsels of her parents, and the instructions of her minister, at times took hold of her feelings, even in her earliest years, so that she would attempt to pray with great earnestness; but her seriousness was like the morning cloud and the early dew.

She passed her youth in giddy mirth and vanity. Though God, by his providence, frequently arrested her attention, and brought her under convictions of sin, her volatility drove them from her mind, while her venturesome spirit often endangered her life. She once remarked, in allusion to the dangers of her childhood and youth, "The recollection of some of my hair-breadth escapes almost makes me shudder at the present time." She regretted that she had not noted down all the remarkable providential escapes she had in early life, as they occurred, that she might have been more grateful to her divine Preserver in the recollection of them.

The foregoing particulars are principally taken from a manuscript, found among the papers of Mrs. Tappan, after her decease, which appears to have been written at an advanced age. It commences thus:—

"Oh, who hath tasted of his clemency in greater measure, or more of it, than I? I have often thought these beautiful lines of Addison could be to none more applicable than to me:

'When all thy mercies, O my God,' &c.

May my gratitude rise as high; for surely none have been more signalized by dangers and preservations. Some of the most material I would record for the benefit of my children:—and I would earnestly recommend to them to begin, early in life, to minute down extraordinary providences, for their own benefit and the glory of God. For want of this method, many events are forgotten and lost; which I doubt not is the case with me; and many are but imperfectly recollected.

"I shall begin with what took place in my earliest childhood, and for a knowledge of which I am indebted to my parents. They had sixteen children, ten of whom died in infancy. The five that survived were the two eldest, the two youngest, and myself, who was preserved in the midst of them that died, as a monument of God's sparing mercy. When I was four years old I fell from a chamber window, had my chin laid open, and two of my teeth beat out. I lay for two hours, to all appearance past recovery. Soon after, I was sick with a fever that raged for many days, so that for three weeks I was thought to be on the borders of the grave. I had but just recovered, when being exposed to the small-pox, I was inoculated, and had it very severely. It was thought that if I survived I should entirely lose the sight of one eye.

"But from all these distresses I was wonderfully delivered, and my health in a great measure restored. When I was seven years old it pleased God to visit my father's family with the throat distemper. In one fortnight two of the children were carried to the grave. While they were sick my grandmother requested that I might be sent to live with her. She lived about half a mile distant, in a

healthy situation, but my parents thought it would be running away from Providence, and refused to let me go. *I was the only child in the family that escaped the disorder.* At this time there was the greatest shock of an earthquake I ever knew. The awfulness of the scene I well recollect, and the solemn appearance of all faces. I was for some time after deeply impressed.

"I was blessed with pious parents, who endeavored to impress my mind with a sense of my peculiar obligations to devote myself to Him who had thus wonderfully preserved me. This, at times, took hold on me, so that I would pray night and morning for some time, but alas! my goodness was like the morning cloud and early dew. I passed my youth in giddy mirth and vanity, but God, by his providences, frequently arrested my attention, and brought me under convictions. I was in 'dangers oft.' Sometimes, in a playful mood, I would venture further than my companions durst, and thus tempt Providence, and endanger my own life.

"The recollection of some of my hair-breadth escapes almost makes me shudder. Thrice was I thrown from a horse, and conveyed, as by an invisible hand, to the only spot of safety around where I fell; within two inches of my head, in one instance, lay a large stone. Three times was I thrown from a chaise; at one time the person who was with me was greatly injured, while I remained unhurt. At another time, by the wheel of the chaise running swiftly over a log, which lay concealed under high grass, I was thrown out to a great distance, but received no injury. At another time I was run away with by a frightened horse, and overset with the boot of the chaise up, in which my

foot was entangled, and I was drawn some steps under the body of the chaise, but not much hurt.

"I have been in danger of being drowned several times. Once my preservation affected me sensibly. The moon shone very bright, and I was admiring it in the water, leaning over the railing upon deck, till late in the evening, on board a vessel in which I was sailing to Martha's Vineyard. The next day a sailor, leaning against the same part, it gave way, and he fell overboard. He was saved, but had it been me, in the night, I must have been drowned. Soon after, I was crossing the Sound; it was very pleasant when we set off, but a heavy fog soon came on, and a dead calm. The boatmen said they knew not where to row, they were as likely to be going out to sea as any way, and they were in imminent danger of being run down by some vessel. They stopped every five minutes to listen. At length we heard the beach roar, to our great joy. They rowed, and lay still, alternately, the better to find the direction, until a kind Providence again brought us into sunshine; and we discovered land, but at a great distance from the point for which we sat out. This mercy made a still deeper impression upon my mind, and I was led to reflect upon the power and goodness of God to me through my past life.

"At Falmouth I was impressed by a sermon *on the worth of the soul*, and became acquainted with one young person who was under concern for her soul. My convictions increased, and from this period I date my first serious intentions of giving myself up to God, by a solemn covenant engagement to be his, which I did in the twenty-first year of my age; and God has, I trust, graciously kept

that which I have committed to him, notwithstanding all my declensions and provocations, which have been many and grievous. He is the Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger, not willing that any should perish. But if I should go on to recount all his mercies to me and mine, time would fail me. They are new every morning, fresh every evening; and although my gratitude falls far short, yet I bless God for a thankful heart. He has often enabled me to rejoice in that he has seen fit to correct me, and to adore him, that his strokes have been so few, so light. Oh! if I had an angel's tongue, and could be heard from pole to pole, I would proclaim to listening worlds, his goodness to my soul!"

In the year 1770, she was married, by the Rev. Dr. Cooper, of Boston, to Mr. Benjamin Tappan,* of Northampton, Mass., goldsmith, with whom she lived happily fifty-nine years, and reared ten children, nine of whom survived her.

In 1818, she wrote as follows:—

"I am now seventy years of age, and still have to record God's great and signal mercies to me and mine. Surely there is no one lives who has received such singular marks of Divine clemency as myself, as to outward circumstances; but alas! when I compare God's mercy with the fruits it

* He was the eldest son of Rev. Benjamin Tappan, of Manchester, Essex County, Mass., and at an early age was put apprentice to the father of her with whom he was afterwards united in marriage. Thus they lived under the same roof upwards of sixty-five years.

has produced, what cause have I to mourn over my barrenness and unfruitfulness. Oh! it is well I have a God to deal with, and not man. Jesus is my advocate on high. His atonement is my security that sin shall not prevail over me, but that I shall finally triumph over it. Glorious High Priest! Oh! that *all* my children, my dear children, could estimate Thee as thou hast enabled me to do. Thou art all my hope, my trust, my righteousness and strength. Oh, that thou wert theirs. Then they would have found the pearl of great price; and yet they seek after righteousness—at least, some of them. Oh, that thou wouldst lead them, and guide them, and bring them all to the knowledge of the truth, as it is revealed in thy Word. Help me to leave them with thee, and while I plead with thee for them, bow submissive to thy Divine will. I know thou art holy and just in all thy ways; and *it becomes* me to adore thee for what thou hast done for me and mine."

Several months appear to have elapsed before she resumed writing. Then, on the same paper, she added:—

"May their children rise up and call them blessed. May they, by their ardent piety, encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of their dear parents, and assist them in their progress through the narrow path that leads to heaven. And may God, of his infinite mercy, grant that free, unmerited grace may gloriously triumph over error and sin, and that all my posterity may at last unite in ascribing glory to God the Father, glory to God the Son,

glory to God the Holy Ghost, glory to Three in One—Amen! This doctrine I was never particularly taught by my parents, although they were believers in it. They taught me the Assembly's Catechism; but I have no remembrance that it was ever explained to me. I well remember, that when I first felt the influence of the doctrines of the Bible, the Assembly's Catechism opened upon my mind with such delight and power, that I was surprised I had known it so long, and never understood it. I was convinced it was the religion of the Bible, and I have never doubted it for a moment since; but rather my experience, for more than fifty years, has confirmed it. I have found it my guide and my comfort through life; and expect, through the mercy of God my Savior, it will be my support, when passing the valley and shadow of death. I have no other dependence. I desire no other. None but Christ! none but Christ! He is my Alpha and Omega—the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. I trust I can say with Peter, 'Lord! thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.' And can I hope that thou hast set thy love on such a worthless worm as I am? Yes, if I love, it is because thou first lovedst me. Thou didst pass by when I was all over defiled by sin, helpless, and didst say unto me, live; and the time was a time of love. Infinite mercy took pity on me, or I had never sought thy face. Thy boundless compassion has been extended towards me, even to old age, through a long life of ingratitude and backsliding. It has raised me when fallen; when wandering it has recalled me; and if I am saved at last, to the triune God be all the glory—Amen!"

At another period she wrote:

"Since I last wrote, God has seen fit to remove my youngest child* by a sudden stroke, and under very trying circumstances; but blessed be his holy name he has afforded me that support which the world can neither give nor deprive me of. She is, I trust, uniting with all those who love the Lord Jesus as their God and Savior, and are around the throne, ascribing glory, honor, and power to the triune God, for ever and ever—Amen and Amen!

After several other interesting passages, written at different times, all breathing the same spirit, the manuscript closes, in 1822, as follows:—

"God is lengthening out my life, and that of my dear husband, to our 75th year. Our bodily health is comfortable, and our minds not greatly impaired. Our children, too, all enjoying health and prosperity, with their numerous offspring. Some of them, I trust, have chosen the good part, which will abide for ever. And, oh! may God, in his great mercy, grant that we may all arrive in heaven, at last, a family without one member missing—all redeemed by the precious blood of Christ Jesus. Amen."

* Mrs. Elizabeth Phœnix, wife of Alexander Phœnix, Esq., who died 30th May, 1819, aged twenty-eight years and seven months. With the exception of a son, who died the day of its birth, she was the youngest child. She was greatly beloved by her parents, and died at their house, while on a visit, having retired to rest without any apprehensions of immediate death, and being found dead in her bed next morning. She left one child.

She was attacked by the distressing disorder, which speedily terminated her life, on Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock, March 21st, 1826. For a considerable time she had been subject to a disordered state of bowels, and occasionally to cholic, so that it had been necessary to take occasionally mild medicines. On Thursday night, April 16th, she was seized with the cholic, but being better the next day, she mentioned the fact only to the young woman in the family. The Sabbath following she walked to church and back, but in the afternoon, not feeling well, she remained at home. Just before this attack she considered her health as perfect as usual, except that she had suffered rather more than ordinary, from the above causes, for several days past. She was awake much of Monday night, and employed those wakeful hours in reviewing her past life, her childhood and youth, and particularly her married life. She regretted that the cares of the world had occupied so large a share of her attention, and thought, that, could she live her life over again, she should be more faithful to the *souls* of her children. She wished

to exhort *her* children to bring up *theirs* for God. But notwithstanding her repeated backslidings, she could trust that she was a child of God, and that, although she had been unfaithful to the best and kindest of Masters, she should be saved for the sake of the atoning blood and perfect righteousness of her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. She reflected upon the devotedness of Paul, and wondered why *all* Christians were not constrained, as he was, by the love of Christ. When attacked on Tuesday morning, she said—"This is my last sickness—I prepared for it last night." And from this time until her death she retained a strong impression that she should never recover. Afterwards she remarked to her eldest daughter, Mrs. S., that she had spent just such a night as she should wish her last to be, before entering eternity. She said—"I do not know as I have one doubt that heaven is *my* home, but I wish to see all my children there." She longed to depart and be with Christ, although she submitted entirely to the will of God.

During Tuesday she was in much distress and pain at intervals, and it gradually in-

creased in severity until late at night, when it abated considerably. She passed a tolerably comfortable night, without much pain, but it increased Wednesday morning, and continued through the day, but was not severe. She could speak but little during these two days. She could, at times, hardly breathe without groaning, but was extremely anxious not to indulge an impatient or murmuring spirit. Notwithstanding her severe pain, she would frequently exclaim—"O, help me to praise God for his goodness! God is good—superlatively good." She was verydesirous to obtain the prayers of the church, and sent a note to be read at the Wednesday evening lecture. In conversation with the junior pastor, Rev. Mr. Tucker, she said—"I am unable to say much; my mind wanders, but my hope is firmly fixed on the righteousness of Christ. Do pray for me. Do not pray for my life—I do not desire *that*—pray that I may have patience—that I may honor God in my death, and that he would lift upon me the light of his countenance, and be my stay and support." Rev. Mr. Williams, the aged senior pastor, called, to see and pray with

her several times. But at one time she was asleep, and at others unable to converse.

On Thursday, she said she had slept considerably through the night, was disturbed by frightful dreams, but felt more strength than yesterday. "Doctor," said she, addressing her physician, Dr. Mather, who, during her last sickness, as well as on previous occasions, had well entitled himself to her confidence, and the gratitude of the family, "what do you think of my case? you have an opinion—what is your opinion?" Dr. M. replied, "I do not find that you are as much relieved this morning, as I had hoped, from the operation of the medicine." She then said—"O, I have slept sweetly this morning—I have had a sweet sleep; the house has been kept still, and there has been no disturbance in the room. I shall soon sleep sweetly in the grave. Yes, I shall sleep *sweetly* in the grave!—I do not wish to live. To be sure, I have every comfort *this* world can afford—but what are they? What are all the comforts of this world worth living for?" When Mr. Tucker called in the even-

ing, she said—"Mr. T., I trust that I gave up myself to God in sincerity and truth, when I was quite young, and it is now more than fifty years since I made a profession of religion; but I have been an ungrateful creature; I have nothing to reflect upon as a ground of justification in the sight of God. *Christ is all my hope*—all my dependence is upon his righteousness. O, what a mercy that God should determine from all eternity, to save such wretched sinners, and that I should be one. O what a gift!" Mr. T. replied—"Yes; the redeemed in heaven have but one song to sing, 'unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; to Him be glory and dominion forever!'" He then inquired if she could endure a short prayer. She immediately answered, "O, yes, I hope I shall always be able to endure prayer. Pray that God would lift up the light of his countenance upon me; and O, pray thank him that he is a prayer-hearing, and a prayer-answering God. He heard and answered the prayers that were put up for me in the lecture-room last evening. While

they were praying he granted me relief." When Mr. Tucker was leaving the room, she sent her love to Mrs. T., and thanked him for his kind attention.

On Friday morning it was found she had passed the night with more quiet sleep than the two preceding nights, and she had undisturbed and refreshing sleep. She expressed herself as feeling perfectly well in body and mind. Still she thought herself near her end, and in the morning took leave of her husband and grand daughter, and said she wished to hear of nothing but heaven. Speaking to a person present, upon the importance of making a profession of religion, she said, "Far be it from me to urge any to take these solemn obligations upon them, unless they are willing to devote their whole lives to the service and glory of God—but think not that you can escape obligation by the neglect of this duty." Soon after she clasped her hands, and said with sweet expression—

"Why was *I* made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room?
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come.

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That *sweetly forced* me in,
Else *I* had still refused to taste,
And perished in my sin."

Afterwards when E. P. was alone with her, she said, "E., am I dying? O! how easy!

'Tell me, my soul, can this be death?' "

She now spent an hour or more in conversation. She was bright, and opened her mind fully and freely on many subjects upon which she and her grand daughter had been accustomed to converse, when by themselves. She spoke of the privilege of Christian intercourse, and the enjoyment they had had in each other's society the past winter, as E. P. was in the habit of sitting up with her an hour or two after the rest of the family had retired. By degrees the conversation became more solemn and interesting. As she stood upon the brink of the eternal world she gave her parting counsel to this grand daughter. "My advice to you, E." she said, "is

this. Press forward—persevere—regard not reproaches—only follow what appears to be the path of duty. * * * * O, what shall I say that I have not said? O! can I say it? *Can I say it?* CAN I SAY IT? O, tell him* that I fear—I *fear greatly*—that I shall see him at Christ's left hand! O! what a thought! I would not conceal the truth, but——I would not pronounce anathemas against those who may meet *me* at the left hand." After a pause she said "I can pray for him." She then clasped her hands, and with her eyes closed, seemed earnestly wrestling in prayer. She then opened her eyes and said, "Your mother too, and her brothers; O, how I feel for them—my children! my children! what shall I say? What hope can I have for them? O! Christ—*Christ* is *all* the foundation of the Christian's hope, and what will become of those that reject HIM?"—After a long pause she exclaimed, "O! yes—I *can* pray for them—I *can* hope that they will yet see the error of their way—I have *strong*

* Alluding to one who, she believed, had imbibed fatal errors in religion.

hope that they will." The solemnity of her manner, and the expression of her countenance, were indescribable.

In the afternoon, E. P. read, at her request, several of her favorite hymns. She seemed to enjoy, *very much*, the last that was read—

"Begone, unbelief!
My Savior is near;
And for my relief
Will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.

Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

His love, in time past,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!"

Mary W. came into the room. As she stood by the bed, Mrs. T. said something upon the value of religion, and its loveliness in youth, and repeated part of Dr. Watts' hymn—

"The flower when offered in the bud," &c.

Afterwards she repeated—

"O! glorious hour! O! blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

The doctor continued with her through the whole of this day. She had neither pain nor restlessness during the day. She sat up while her bed was made, and expressed herself much refreshed on returning to it. On the whole there appeared a more favorable aspect to all the symptoms than at any time previous. Her sleep however, which in the afternoon appeared natural and refreshing, seemed this evening too profound, and the respiration deeper and slower than natural.

In the evening E. P. took the Bible to read for family prayers, and selected the 103d Psalm. Just as she was about to read, her grandmother began, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." This was the more remarkable as she was unconscious of the passage selected. Thursday evening, while the physicians were in the room, she remarked, "O! God is good! God is good in raising up physicians, and giving them skill to adapt the best means to the human frame! but all their skill is unavailing without the blessing of God."

At another time she said, "I hope that I

shall be able, when I feel a little rested, to say something to all the family. O! I want to honor God and do something for him while I live."—Friday afternoon she exclaimed, "O! tell *all the world* to trust in nothing but the righteousness of Christ Jesus. He is the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the ending. O, he died to redeem a lost world! There is no redemption in any other way! O, what a mercy that I am going to be free from sin. Dear Savior! lovely Jesus! come quickly! help me—help me to clap my wings and depart. O, if the world knew how precious Jesus was, they would not need such urging to come to him."

Saturday morning the doctor found that her sleep had become more and more profound. Mrs. S. went to her bed and awaked her with considerable difficulty. She exerted herself to speak and said, "It is all in vain; the last trump will wake me, and nothing else." However, at 7 o'clock, she began to speak, and was wonderfully supported and strengthened to fulfil her desire and glorify her Savior. Her mind was exerted with

extraordinary energy, and continued its exercise with short intervals of sleep.

S. D. S. was the first who came in. She said to her, "Sally S., how do you do? (and taking her hand) I hope you have come in season to take a word of advice. You have chosen the Lord for your portion. O! remember it is no small thing. Do not neglect the duty of secret prayer. Remember past scenes, and do not let the world steal away your heart from God."

W. H. S. came near, and she took his hand and said, "William, do not neglect prayer; it is the Christian's life. If you cannot pray *in* the Spirit, pray *for* the Spirit." She heard J. W.'s voice in the kitchen, and called him to her and said, "I thank you, J., for all your kind attention to me, in carrying me to meeting through the winter. I hope God will reward you for it, and give you some one who will be as kind to you in old age."

She thought herself very near her end, and desired that all her grand children, who were in town, might be sent for, to see her breathe her last. In the mean time she said

to E. P., "Elizabeth, give my love to your sister Sarah, and thank her for her kind attention to me last winter; she has been a sweet and pleasant child to me.—Give my love to Mr. W., and tell them both to be faithful to Christ."

Afterwards she gave directions to her daughter, Mrs. S. about the disposal of her rings, &c. After a long pause she exclaimed, "O! my dear sister,* tell her to follow on to know the Lord—though we could not meet often here—tell her to meet me in Heaven!"

When her grand children came into the room, she was saying, "Many—many—many will say in that day, Lord, Lord——It is not what I can say that will save you, but what Christ will say on the judgment seat." To F. E. G. she said, "Tell all your young acquaintance from me that nothing is so important as an interest in the Savior. Farewell, farewell. Recollect what I have said to you from time to time, and O! may the Lord give you a new heart—a heart to love and serve

* Mrs. Mary Webb, who died in 1833, at the advanced age of ninety-three, in the triumphs of faith.

him." To Jane T. she said, "Jane, I have fulfilled my promise to you, that you should stay with me as long as I lived. I hope that God will give you a new heart." To S. S., "Sally, you must read your Bible ——"

She was so much exhausted with exertion, that she was obliged to make long pauses.

Mrs. J. H. L. came to her bedside, and she addressed her in a very affectionate manner, exhorting her to trust in the widow's God. "Only trust him," said she, "put all your trust in him."

When Mr. D. S. W. came in, she took hold of both his hands, and said, "O! Mr. W., you have been a dear friend of mine; we have taken sweet counsel together—we *shall* meet at the right hand—but I hope it will be a long time first.—I thought it was rather unkind that they should wish to detain me here—a good hope through grace —a *good* hope."

To F. M. S., "Frances, you must pray; O! you *must* pray———"

To Mrs. T. S., "Press forward—persevere——O, there *is* a throne of grace."

Mr. Tucker came in and said, "Mrs. Tappan, do you still find the promises sure?" She answered, "O! yes, in Him they are yea, and in him amen, to the glory of his grace."

She frequently repeated, "O grave! where is thy victory? O death! where is thy sting?"

Mrs. S. asked if the everlasting arms were her support, and she replied, "O! yes, I feel it! I feel it."

Dr. B. came to her and said, "Do you know me, Mrs. Tappan?" She answered, without opening her eyes, "O yes, it is Dr. B."

Before this time, which was 4 o'clock, P. M., B. T. came to her bedside, and she took his hand and said, "O! this is another instance of the goodness of God! he has spared my life to speak to this grand child. O! Benjamin, read your Bible, read three verses every night before you close your eyes to sleep—remember that you must meet me at the bar of God—therefore repent and live!"

"Tell R. P. to be a good girl—to remember all that I have said to her—to be kind

to those dear little children, and teach them the way to heaven."

A neighbor, Mrs. E. P., came near and she said, "Mrs. P. how do you do? I went to see you upon a bed of sickness—and now you have come to see me die—we do not know why God raised *you* up—take care of L. K., Mrs. P., and do not leave the enemy of souls in her way." To Mrs. R. E. she said, "God is good! God is good! open thy mouth wide." These were the last words she spoke, except occasionally to make known her wants to her daughter, Mrs. S.

When her husband retired to rest, at 11 o'clock, he took her hand, and bid her good night, and she made several attempts to speak, but in vain. Her lethargy had been gradually increasing.

She slept very quietly, not even moving her limbs, till 4 o'clock, on the morning of Easter Sunday, March 26th, 1826, when, without awaking from the sleep of last night, or a struggle, she ceased to breathe, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The funeral of the deceased took place on Wednesday, March 29th. So many persons had expressed a wish to attend the funeral that it was judged best to have the services performed in the Town Hall. Judge Howe adjourned the court, which was sitting in the town, to allow the persons attending it to be present at the funeral. A large concourse of people assembled to attend the funeral solemnities. Rev. Mr. Tucker offered an affecting and appropriate prayer. The lid of the coffin was then raised to give opportunity to the people to see the remains of the deceased. One of the family, in a letter, written after the funeral solemnities were over, remarked,

"The corpse had a full, unwrinkled and youthful appearance; a sweet smile dwelt upon the lips, with an expression of serenity and Christian hope that seemed to say she left the world in peace and triumph.—Our feelings, in gazing upon the loved and lifeless remains of one whom we had so greatly prized, cannot be described. The recollection of her many virtues, of her maternal love and solicitude, of her heavenly example, rushed upon the mind and deeply affected the heart. I thank God I had this privilege, and deeply lament that Providence did not

permit all her children, and grand children, to be here on this mournful but interesting occasion.

"After the services at the Hall were concluded the funeral procession proceeded to the grave yard. A grave had been dug by the side of the place where repose the remains of her departed daughter Elizabeth. The coffin was slowly lowered into its narrow house. The aged senior pastor then, leaning on sister Phœnix's grave stone, made a short address, very pertinent to the occasion. We were spared the ancient custom of the mourners waiting to hear the clods thrown upon the coffin. The family connections, and Rev. Mr. Tucker, returned to the family mansion. For the first time, in this village, the practice of the pall-bearers, &c. returning to the house, to partake of drink, was omitted. Mr. P. read a paper, found among the deceased's papers, giving some account of her life, of remarkable providences, and her dying counsel.

"It appears that she had a presentiment, from the beginning, that this was her last sickness. She expressed no desire to live. On the contrary she repeatedly enjoined it upon her praying friends not to intercede with God that she might recover. On Wednesday evening there was a prayer meeting in the Town Hall, and she expressed a desire to have a note sent, desiring prayers. It was remarkable that during her long residence in this place, and notwithstanding she had reared so large a number of children, no note for prayers had ever been sent previously on account of sickness in the family, although it is a general custom to solicit prayers for the sick. She requested that prayers might be requested for her,

'being dangerously sick, and exercised with severe pain.'

"She appeared so strong in body and mind, had her hearing so perfectly, and was so free from pain, that it seemed to many who attended upon her that she would recover, even the day before her death. The doctor remarked, 'If it were not for her determination to die, he should expect her recovery.' She asked her son-in-law, Mr. S., to read to her the last chapter of 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Her countenance became highly red and unnatural, and she sank into a lethargic state that indicated approaching dissolution. The last portion of Scripture she heard was the eighth chapter of Romans, which was read at the family devotions on Saturday evening. Very many people called to see her. She took each by the hand, seemed to know every one, spoke appropriately to each one, and took leave of the near friends. This was about 8 o'clock Saturday evening. She appeared lethargic, continued to breathe fainter and fainter, until 4 o'clock Sabbath morning, when they found she had ceased to breathe."

The following remarks are from the pen of the Rev. Mark Tucker, who was intimately acquainted with the subject of the above narrative, and with the circumstances attending her death.

"Mrs. Tappan, whether considered as to her intellect or to the energy of her moral character, was no ordinary woman. Though unobtrusive and modest, she was exem-

plary and firm. She was eminently a woman of principle —her views of doctrine and duty were enlarged and remarkably correct—she read good books extensively, but the Bible most of all. She had a great sense of the purity of the Divine law, and of the preciousness of Christ. Her piety was deep and active—she was not one of those fitful Christians, whose religion blazes forth for a season and then dies away; who has much to say about frames and ecstacies, and then relapses into stupidity and inaction—she was uniform, like the rising sun—she was a woman of prayer.—Often in the dead of winter she would rise from her bed at midnight, and go into an upper chamber and wrestle with God for a blessing upon her family and the church of Christ. The whole influence of one consistent, humble, and praying Christian, cannot be known till the judgment. She not only *named*, but she *honored* the name of Christ. The church in Northampton, of which she was a member, was frequently refreshed by revivals of religion. There were many causes operating there to discountenance spiritual religion. But owing to the prayers, zeal, and faithfulness of the real friends of evangelical truth, a powerful and numerous church always existed. Without detracting from the merits of any, and giving full consideration to the services of all, the life of Mrs. Tappan may be regarded, as of great value to the interests of Christ's kingdom in that place.

"As her life was an exemplification of the holiness of the gospel, her death was a confirmation of the preciousness of its hopes. I saw her die. It was the triumph of faith—the cloudless setting of an evening sun. Her confidence in God was unshaken. Several of her chil-

dren, and nearly all of her grand children, were still out of the ark of safety. It is impossible to describe her expressions when speaking on this subject. She was swallowed up with the goodness and glory of God—she confided in the rectitude of his government—and yet she prayed earnestly and often for her posterity—she believed they would be brought into the kingdom of heaven—she deliberately conversed with those present, and sent affecting and discriminating messages to those absent.

"The effect of such a death was such as might have been anticipated. It quickened and rendered deeply solemn the church—it affected and melted some of her family—a scene of deeper interest and greater influence soon took place in the room where she died, than I ever witnessed. At a single meeting five or six expressed a hope of forgiven sin, who have since given evidence of a spiritual change. The circumstances connected with the commencement of the glorious revival in Northampton, in 1826, rivetted the impression upon most minds, that it was connected in the Providence of God with the death of Mrs. Tappan. The change that has since taken place in the views and lives of several of her children and immediate descendants, have shown still more fully the moral power of her death. *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*"

Mrs. Tappan left nine children and sixty-one grand children. Several of the latter were hopefully converted soon after her decease; not a few have subsequently given

their hearts to Christ; and many of those who remain unconverted, will never forget the faithful admonitions they received from her aged lips. She believed, and so taught, that they had ability to become Christians whenever they chose. God is wise and good; and such a being would not require his creatures to do what they have not power to do. He does command immediate repentance, and therefore, she taught her beloved grand children, they can and ought to repent without delay. "*Make you a new heart and a new spirit; for why will ye die?* Ezek. xviii, 31. "*Choose you this day whom ye will serve.*" Josh. xxiv, 15. "*Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.*" Philipians ii, 12.

Does any one of these beloved grand children inquire, *what is repentance?* Remember the instructions of her who taught you, with tears, that it was sorrow for sin, renouncing the world, choosing the service of Jesus Christ. Put it not off a single hour, for God has said, "*He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.*" Prov. xxix, 1.

APPENDIX.

THE following letters were addressed by Mrs. T. to some of her children at different periods.

To I. T.

NORTHAMPTON, Sept. 15, 1803.

MY DEAR SON—You are mistaken. You are not the only son to whom I have not written. I never wrote to your brother W. I have had but little leisure to exercise my pen since I have been in the married state, but should certainly have devoted some part of my time to so pleasing an employment as writing to you would have been, had I not supposed your mind elevated above being pleased with such weak efforts. Your encomiums from a stranger I should consider as downright flattery, but from a son I hope they are sincere, although I know they are not just.

I have often wished for the pen of a ready writer, that I might tell you how much your letters, like the morning dew on the thirsty earth, refresh and exhilerate our spirits. We adore and praise that Being whose providence has watched over your childhood and youth, and led you up to man. * * * The *hope* that you will be deeply impressed with a sense of your obligations to God, and your constant dependence upon his providence, and that all

the advantages you enjoy may tend to this happy issue, affords us more real satisfaction than any increase of wealth, however rapid in its progress or permanent in its duration, could possibly yield, were this hope destroyed.

My son, we can have no greater joy than to see our children devoting their youth to God. Religion, in its purity and simplicity, is the only path that leads to solid happiness. The practice of it affords the firmest support through all the vicissitudes of life. Happy he who can say,

> "I have a God to whom I may
> Resort with freedom every day;
> I'll seek Him when I am in pain,
> I'm sure to hear from him again."

You have heard of my lameness, and are distressed for me; but why? I am in the hands of a good God, who never laid more upon me than he enabled me to bear, and has, all my life long, been my bountiful Benefactor. He is even now giving me more cause for joy than sorrow, by granting me grace to kiss the rod and bless the hand that hath appointed it, by making me thankful it is me, and not another of the family, especially that it is not your dear father. Blessed be God, my greatest concern has been that I might be prepared to meet his will in a suitable manner. I hope I can say, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted." I do not remember that I ever met with any trouble, since I have been a woman, but that I was led by it to see the emptiness of the creature, and the all sufficiency of the Creator. This I mention as a grateful acknowledgment of the mercy of God, and an incitement to you to make religion your choice now in the days of your youth.

I have been much edified by reading a book you bought when in New-York, entitled "*Choice sayings of dying Saints.*" I cannot add any thing so good as copying some of these sayings. "When Mr. Dodd was told by his physician that there was hope of his recovery he replied, you make my heart sad. It is as if you should tell one who had been at sea in a storm, and was almost at land, that he must go back again to be tossed with new winds and waves." To a friend of his, who rose from a small, to a great estate, he said that "this was like stepping out of a boat into a barge or ship; but he ought seriously to remember that whilst he was in this world he was but on the floating sea." At another time he said, "if it were lawful to envy any one he would envy those who turn to God in their youth, whereby they escape much sin and sorrow, and are like Jacob, who stole the blessing betimes."

Thus, without doubt, did your excellent uncle; and what a lustre has he left behind him.* Who can re-

* Rev. David Tappan, Professor of Divinity in Harvard College, who died, after a short sickness, August 27, 1803, aged fifty-one. In June 1792, he was elected Professor of Divinity in Harvard College in the place of Dr. Wigglesworth, who had resigned, and after anxious deliberation and the advice of an ecclesiastical council, he was inaugurated Dec. 26, 1772. When he was introduced into this office, the students of the university were uncommonly dissolute. For some time they had received no regular instruction in theology, and the tide of opinion began to run in the channel of infidelity. But the lectures of Dr. Tappan, which combined entertainment with information, which were profound and yet pathetic, elegant in style and conclusive in argument, and which came warm from a pious heart, soon checked the progress of profaneness and dissipation, and put open irreligion to shame. He possessed much activity and vigor of mind, fertility of invention, and force of imagination. He had a facility in fixing his attention, and discrimi-

flect upon what he was, and think of what he now is, without feeling themselves strongly impelled to go and do likewise; that let their occupation be what it may they will live the life of a Christian, and in their latter end,

nating and arranging his thoughts. His readiness of conception, and command of language, enabled him, both in speaking and writing, to express what he thought and felt with propriety, perspicuity, and force. The religious principles, which he embraced, were the doctrines of the eternal counsels of Jehovah; man's fallen, ruined state; the electing love of God; the atonement of Christ; justification by grace; and the efficacy of the divine Spirit in renewing sinners and preparing them for glory. The doctrine of redemption by a crucified Savior constituted in his view the basis of the gospel. In such a light did he regard the proper divinity of Jesus Christ, that he declared it to be "the rock of his eternal hopes." To benevolence and candor, sincerity in speech, and uprightness in conduct, he joined the careful cultivation and practice of the personal virtues. He was superior to all fretful and anxious thoughts about his temporal affairs, and to all vanity of external appearance. When tried by the ignorance and stupidity, or by the perverseness and injustice of men, he was calm and collected. For the conduct of those, who had treated him with the most painful unkindness, he invented the most charitable excuses, and even sought opportunities of doing them good. His religion as well as his nature, disposed him to sympathy, tenderness and love. Kind affections lighted up his countenance, gave a glow to his conversation, and cheerfulness to his active benevolence. When arrested by his last sickness, and warned of his approaching dissolution, he was not discomposed. With many expressions of humility and self-abasement intermingled, he declared his hope in the infinite mercy of God through the atonement of Christ. When his wife expressed some of the feelings, which were excited by the thought of parting with him, he said, "if God is glorified, I am made forever. Can't you lay hold of that?" To his sons he said, "I charge you to love God supremely, and to love your neighbor as yourselves; for without these there is no true religion." He had such a sense of the evil of sin and of his own ill desert, that nothing could afford him consolation, but the all sufficient grace of the Redeemer. In Jesus Christ his soul found rest.—*Allen's Biog. Dict.*

and future glory, be like those blessed ones who die in the Lord, who rest from their labors and their works shall follow them. That you, my dear son, be thus blessed is the sincere prayer of your affectionate mother,

SARAH TAPPAN.

To I. T.

This letter was written soon after I. T.'s escape from the shipwreck of ship Jupiter, on her passage from London to New-York.

NORTHAMPTON, May 3, 1805.

MY DEAR SON—I long to fold you in my maternal embrace, and renewedly give you up to that God to whom you were devoted before you saw the light, who has heard my prayer and granted my request, when, without knowing your situation, I besought him in the hour of danger to hold you as in the hollow of his hand, and bring you in safety to your desired haven, or (with, I hope, a humble submission) to fit me for his holy will. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." In your distress you sought the Lord, and he heard you, and delivered you out of all your troubles.

Your preservation was wonderful, and you are, I trust, ready to adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say, "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice, and my supplications;" and so on through almost the whole of the 116 Psalm, particularly the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth verses. You are under peculiar obligations to pay your vows to the Most High, whose strong arm has wrought such almost miraculous deliverance for you. The

vanity and uncertainty of all sublunary things have been in a very solemn and awful manner opened to your view. You have doubtless realized the importance of being prepared for death, and seen that nothing could support you in your forlorn situation, but an interest in the dear Redeemer's merits. God grant that such impressions may abide by you through life, and that you may have cause to say, it was the happiest event you ever met with.

I am happy that so many of your brothers were in Boston when you arrived, and hope they will profit by your experience, and be edified by your example. They all love you dearly, and of course what you say or do will have great weight with them. * * * Adieu, my dear son,—that you may be the peculiar care of an ever-watchful providence, is the prayer of your affectionate mother,

S. TAPPAN.

To C. T., A. T. and L. T.

NORTHAMPTON, May 9, 1805.

MY DEAR SONS—As I have not time to write to each of you a separate letter, I wish you to consider this as the most ardent expression of my love to you all.

I doubt not you are deeply affected with the situation in which your dear brother has been placed.* By an

* I. T. was a passenger in the ship Jupiter which sailed from London for New-York in the early part of 1805, with seventy-two passengers. On the 6th of April, there was a great deal of ice seen, and before night, no way could be found through it. At midnight the first mate was so intoxicated that he fell upon deck, and the captain being upon the bowsprit, looking out for the islands of ice to direct the men

overruling providence God has returned him to his friends, laden with abundant experience of his great power and wonderful mercy. Dearly beloved as he is by you, and deeply interested as I know you are in all his concerns, I would, at this tender moment, when your feelings are all alive, endeavor to lead your minds to the consideration of the importance of religion, the worth and excellence of a glorious Mediator and Intercessor; and the safety of appearing in his righteousness. * * * *

Inquire of your brother what were his views at that awful crisis. He is, as it were, risen from the dead. Although he can bring you no tidings from the invisible world, yet he has been on the brink of eternity, in full possession of himself, and for a length of time, when he had much opportunity for reflection. Listen to what he says as for your life. What was of importance to him, is equally so to you. You have no lease of your life; it is even as a vapor that passeth away; death is always near, and we

how to avoid them, there was no one to steer the ship aright, and she struck the ice. The ship began to fill with water very fast. The boats were got out, and all but twenty-seven sprang into them. But the boats could hold no more, and all the rest, men, women and children, went down in the ship, in less than an hour after she struck the ice. One man with his wife and nine children, were among those who were lost. Another man lost his mother, brother, sister and two nephews. I. T. was providentially saved, with forty-five others, one of whom was a babe only six months old. He was in the yawl, which together with the long boat, was on the ocean three days before they saw a vessel. They were taken up and brought safe to the United States, having suffered by being somewhat frozen. Such a remarkable deliverance naturally awakened emotions of deep gratitude in the hearts of the pious friends of those who had been thus rescued from death.

know not how soon we may be arrested. And if we knew that as to us it were removed to a late period, should we lose any thing by being prepared? Surely not, but we should find much solid enjoyment which the world can neither give, nor take from us. O that you were wise, that you considered your latter end, is the prayer of your affectionate mother, S. Tappan.

To I. T.

Northampton, June 4, 1805.

My Dear Son—An indulgent God has permitted us to enjoy the happiness of beholding each others face again in the land of the living. I trust our hearts were and still are deeply impressed with gratitude for all the wonderful works of Providence in our behalf. But it is with sincere regret that I reflect upon my barrenness in conversation. I can only say with the Apostle, "to will is present with me, but how to perform I know not." Yet I cannot forgive myself that when in company with aunt Waters* and —— I should forbear to speak *much* of the goodness of God. At the latter place, I fear, I was guilty of levity. This confession I am constrained to make, lest I should cast a stumbling-block in your way, and grieve the children of God.

I know not how you are as to the state of your mind,

* Mrs. Abigail Waters, of Boston, aunt to Mrs. Tappan, who died Nov. 22, 1816, in the ninety-sixth year of her age. She was truly a mother in Israel. The last words uttered by her were—"Open to me the gates, that I may enter in!" See "Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Abigail Waters," by the late Rev. Joshua Huntington, Pastor of the Old South Church, Boston.

and yet I have *seen* you. I hope you will not be so affected by the gay scenes which surround you as to lose the effect which God's awful providences had made upon your mind. O, my son, give yourself up to that God whose you are by every possible obligation but that of your *own* consent. Let not that be wanting. Delay not in a matter of such infinite importance. It is but your reasonable service. Religion is your highest privilege; the practice of its precepts will be its own reward; it will afford you that solid happiness which the world can neither give nor take from you; that which will be as an anchor to the soul in all the trying scenes of this uncertain life.

Believe me when I tell you it has strewed my path with flowers, and given such a turn to the various providences which I have met with, that I cannot recollect *one* which I would not include among my choicest mercies. "O, taste and see that the Lord is good;" a God full of tender compassion, not willing that any should perish. Write to me, my dear son, and open your mind freely. I long to know the various exercises of it. God grant that they may be saving, is the prayer of your affectionate mother, S. Tappan.

To L. T.

Northampton, July 28, 1805.

My Dear Son—It is true I have time enough to write; and if I had not, a hint from one of my children that one line, on serious truths, would be welcome, were sufficient to induce me to redeem it, even from my sleep. When you were at home I could speak occasionally, and

my manner enforced what I said, but I fear to write, lest my want of ability should injure the cause I wish to promote.

If God is affording you grace to reflect seriously, and is watering the good seed which was sown in your early years, by the strivings of his Holy Spirit, to Him be all the glory. * * * It is Jesus who has all power in heaven and on earth, who is your mediator. He affords you one opportunity more. O seek him while he may be found; call upon him in good earnest; never was one sincere, humble penitent, sent empty away.

You need not, you cannot, mend yourself before you come to him. It was sinners he died to save; as such you may safely apply for pardon. In and through his merits alone you are to hope for acceptance. If you seek him he will be found of you. Cast away all your own righteousness as "filthy rags." Do not mistake restraining grace for your own merits. Depend upon it you are, by nature, as vile a sinner as breathes; and by practice you had been equally bad, but for the restraints of an invisible and almighty power. * * * * *

God is still waiting to be gracious; he is inviting you to come and take of the waters of life freely, "without money and without price." To-morrow, or to-night, may be too late, for you may be summoned before your Judge; or if your life is spared you may be hardened in sin; and if his Spirit should cease from striving with you, you are undone forever. That you may dare to be singular in a good cause; shun the paths of sin and folly; and seek first the kingdom of God, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate mother, S. T.

To I. T.

NORTHAMPTON, July, 29, 1805.

MY DEAR SON—I thought, when you were here, I discovered in your mind a solicitude to make religion your study, and a desire to make it your choice. * * * The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. In him alone is our safety. These are his gracious words, "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Again, "whosoever will let him come and take of the waters of life freely, without money and without price." Again, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." What gracious encouragement! * * * O, give yourself up to Christ, guilty, weak, and helpless as you are. Cry earnestly to him, plead his promises—wage open war with all sin, and press eagerly after holiness—get a thorough acquaintance with your own heart; entreat the Lord to discover it to you. It is indeed deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it? None, without the divine influences of the Holy Spirit. Tempt him not to depart from you.

God has spared your life in a very remarkable manner. He is lengthening out your day and your means; and in his wonderful providence is seen probably calling upon you for the last time. I hope he has touched your heart; that he will perfect that which he has begun; and not suffer you to increase your own condemnation by slighting the offers of mercy after so richly experiencing his clemency.

Your advantages for living a life of religion are, on

many accounts, peculiarly favorable. The prayers of some of God's children are daily offered up in your behalf; you have their example and their society; you wish for their approbation. Think how your situation might have been reversed, and adore the goodness of God. May you be influenced by the Holy Spirit—may you see that Jesus Christ is just such a Savior as your necessities call for, as you yourself could wish; that he is infinitely able, and willing, to save to the uttermost all that put their trust in him. They that seek shall find. That you may be guided in paths of wisdom and truth is the sincere prayer of your affectionate mother, SARAH TAPPAN.

P. S. I should be very much pleased to receive a letter—a confidential letter—from you, respecting your religious exercise. Surely none can feel more interest than your mother, S. T.

To L. T.

NORTHAMPTON, April 29, 1806.

MY DEAR CHILD—By your desire to own the magazines I am encouraged to hope that you are inclined seriously to inquire after truth. * * * O seek, and you shall find mercy. God has provided a glorious Mediator and Instructor; and in, and through him, offers pardon to all who will penitently and humbly accept of it. * * * Meditate much on the evil of sin, and your obligations to devote a life so filled up with mercies, to your Almighty Benefactor, lest He should withdraw the divine influences of his Holy spirit from you, and leave you to your own lusts.

Think not a moral character sufficient, lest, with the young man in the gospel, when you are not far from the kingdom of heaven, you should be refused admittance. The condescension of God, in making such rich provision for fallen man, is unspeakably great. Our depravity is so great that we cannot atone for one of the least of our sins. How then can we merit any mercy? Yet He is graciously offering both pardon and acceptance, for the sake of Jesus Christ, who freely offered himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice, for all who will believe in him. It is unbelief that blinds the world to their true interests.

That God may, in his infinite mercy, open the eyes of my children; and bring them to a knowledge of himself, prays your affectionate mother.

To L. T.

NORTHAMPTON, Dec. 11, 1806.

DEAR L.—Your repeated requests, that I would write to you have not been forgotten; neither does a day pass in which my children are not frequently the subjects of my warmest gratitude, and ardent prayers. * * * A kind providence has thus far restrained them from vice, or at least shielded them from infamy; and I enjoy the happiness of thinking they are so, as far as reputation is concerned, but I know, by woful experience, that by nature they are totally depraved, and that if they were not under the influence of restraining grace they would be vile as the vilest sinner that ever lived.

If you read the Bible seriously, you will see that your heart answers to its descriptions. It will pierce even to

the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and will discern the thoughts and intents of the heart. To encourage you to read the Bible attentively I will add a quotation from a sermon of your uncle, Dr. Tappan. "It is the peculiar glory of our religion that the same evangelical truths both wound and heal, depress and elevate the soul of man, by showing him, in one impressive view, his own unspeakable ruin, and the infinitely rich and free, yet wise and holy, mercy of God. How remarkably is this verified in those doctrines which hold up a Divine Mediator, offering up his life on the cross to expiate human guilt; and a Divine Sanctifier, by his own gracious and powerful operations, restoring the discordant mind to spiritual health and joy."

But you will say, "this is not such a letter as I wished for. Why cannot my mother write as most people do? Why must she be always preaching? I have heard enough of this." My dear child, it is because I wish to see you every thing desirable, and I know the foundation must be laid in true love to God, and obedience to his commands. But I will conclude this subject with another quotation, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, *think on these things*."

E. is a great comfort to us. She seems only intent on the improvement of time, and the discharge of her duty, at as great a remove from the gay part of society as though there were none within one hundred miles of her. She is cheerful and happy.

To L. T.

NORTHAMPTON, June 24, 1807.

DEAR L.—I am sorry you should think me severe, in what I wrote you. It was not my intention to be so. * * As to advising you to consider your ways, it was a quotation from the Bible. Sinners are there called upon to consider their ways. I hope you are willing to acknowledge that you are a sinner, and that it would be wise to consider for what you have been sent into this world, and what is like to be your portion in a future state.

It is not my wish, my dear son, to rob you of happiness. I would fain assist you in building it on a sure foundation; and in my opinion there is no other foundation but that which is laid in Christ Jesus. He must be the corner-stone; and in order to build thereon you have the influences of the Holy Spirit to enlighten your understanding, that you may see your lost, undone condition, both by nature and practice. * * * The Scriptures inform us that we must be born again, or we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. This can mean nothing else but an entire change of heart and pursuits; we must love God supremely, and place our chief happiness in obeying his precepts; we must hate sin sincerely, and strive constantly to overcome our evil propensities, not in our own strength, but relying on promised assistance from Him who hath said, my strength shall be made perfect in your weakness, and my grace is at all times sufficient for you.

If we engage in religion, we shall have God on our side. The Bible is full of encouragement to those who

diligently seek for true wisdom, and assures us that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

From forty years experience I can subscribe to the truth of it. I have ever found more solid peace and happiness in casting all my care upon God, and committing all my concerns into his hands, to be disposed of as infinite wisdom should direct, with a humble sense of my own unworthiness of any mercy, and inability to direct or choose for myself, than all the world can afford.

Try, my dear son, for yourself; give up your youth to God; seek him diligently—the promise is, they that seek shall find, to him that knocketh the door shall be opened. You are a probationer for eternity, a prisoner of hope. O, delay not, death may be at the door. What will it avail you to gain the whole world and lose your own soul?

Pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit,* plead the merits of the atonement of the Son of God, who died that sinners might live; who came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance; who stands with open arms inviting all to come; whosoever will, let him come, and take of the waters of life freely, without money and without price. The word of God is plain; and he that runs may read. Build your faith upon that, and not on the opinion of those who would wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction.

I experimentally believe the doctrines of grace to be

* It was not the practice in those days, so much as it is now, to exhort impenitent sinners to *repent* as the first duty God requires of them. For want of urging upon children this duty, in imitation of Christ and his apostles, many, doubtless, use the means, as they are called, of becoming pious, and fail in finding salvation. Every thing the sinner does before he repents is displeasing to God.

true, and I have no wish that they should be otherwise. I feel as though all my present comfort and future happiness depended upon their being true. That all my children may be brought to the knowledge of the truth is the sincere prayer of your affectionate mother.

To L. T.

Northampton, August 8, 1807.

Dear L.— * * * You write that you are drafted as a soldier. May you never be called for. But if you were a volunteer, under the banners of Jesus Christ, I should have nothing to fear. O, my child, that you were thus prepared for all events. If ever we had a call to prepare to meet our God, it is at the present day, a day indeed of doubtful expectations, a season in which each of us should examine himself, and see how far he is instrumental in bringing down the judgments of God upon a guilty land.

It is not enough that we have not been left to commit open and flagrant crimes. Our hearts are prone to sin, and that continually, and we have cause to be daily humbled before God for our innumerable transgressions. What cause have we for thankfulness that we have an advocate on high, in and through whom we may hope for mercy, if we sincerely seek for it. That my dear children may all thus seek is the prayer of your affectionate mother.

P. S. As I have a few moments to spare, I am unwilling to send this blank, and therefore shall fill the space

with part of a letter which Mr. David Brainerd wrote to his brother.

"Never expect any *satisfaction* or *happiness* from the *world.* If you hope for happiness *in* the world, hope for it from God, and not *from* the world. Do not think you shall be more *happy* if you live to such or such a state of life, if you live to be yourself, to be settled in the world, or if you should gain an estate in it: but look upon it that you shall then be *happy*, when you can be constantly employed for God, and not for yourself; and desire to live in this world, only to *do* and *suffer* what God allots to you. When you can be of the spirit and temper of angels, who are willing to come down into this lower world, to perform what God commands them, though their desires are *heavenly*, and not in the least set on *earthly* things, then you will be of that temper which you ought to have, Col. iii. 2.

"Once more; Never think that you can live to God by *your own* power or strength; but always look to, and rely on *him* for assistance, yea for all strength and grace. There is no greater *truth* than this, that 'we can do nothing of ourselves;' (John xv. 5. and 2 Cor. iii. 5.) yet nothing but our own *experience* can effectually teach it us. Indeed, we are a long time in learning, that *all* our strength and salvation, is in God. This is a life which I think no *unconverted* man can possibly live; and yet it is a life which every *godly* soul is pressing after, in some good measure. Let it then be your great concern, thus to devote yourself and your all to God."

I hope you will think this is something new. Give my love to A. This letter must answer for you both.

To L. T.

NORTHAMPTON, October, 1807.

DEAR L.—I write to you as I hope your father will leave Boston too soon to receive a letter if I should write to him * * * I have recovered my usual health, and although very lonesome, I live very secure, both by night and by day. The watchful care of a kind Providence is a sure safe-guard, and on that I wish ever to rely. In so doing I believe I shall ever find protection. I would, above all things, recommend to my children to cast all their care upon God, and commit their ways to Him. If they are his, he will care for them, and direct all their steps. Can I wish them a greater good? Surely not. O that they knew in this their day the things which belong to their peace! * * * It is Saturday, and my time will not allow me to add more than, I am your affectionate mother.

To. L. T.

NORTHAMPTON, June, 1809.

MY DEAR L.—In what way can your parents manifest their affection more fully for their children, than by a tender solicitude for their souls? * * * We fear you have not ardently sought after that wisdom which is from above; we fear you lack the one thing needful, without which you can have no solid peace here, nor happiness hereafter. O, be intreated to seek earnestly for this pearl of great price. You have a sure word of promise that in so doing you shall find. The word saith, whosoever will, let

him take of the waters of life freely, without money and without price. A most gracious offer, and yet, amazing as it is, sinners refuse to accept of it. The voice of wisdom is, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end."

You are now launching out into the world, to act an important part for yourself; and you will probably be placed in a very responsible situation. Like most other young persons you may have a high opinion of your own sufficiency and wisdom; but, O, remember that it is the blessing of God which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith. Commit your ways to Him, and he will direct your paths; consider what it will profit you to gain the whole world, and lose your soul; let integrity mark well your doings; shun the society of the vain, I hope I need not add, the profligate. * * *

I am not in the way of laying much stress upon dreams, but sometimes they so deeply impress my mind that I cannot easily forget them. How much cause have I to adore that God, who is continually the guardian of me and mine, that the deep distress I have lately had on your account, was all an illusion. O, my son, had it proved true, you would indeed have then brought your aged parents with sorrow to the grave. I will relate, as far as memory assists me, the substance.

Methought you had, by frequenting the theatre, been drawn into the society of lewd women, and had contracted, in consequence of it, a disease, that was preying upon your constitution, and undermining your health; that by recourse to quackery, in hopes, if possible, to conceal it

you were past recovery. I viewed you as ruined for this world, and expecting a dreadful retribution in the next. The effect it had upon me is past description, but, blessed be God, it was not of long duration. I can never forget it, nor can I otherwise think of it than as the voice of God to quicken me to a more faithful discharge of duty. I have been too proud to write to my children upon the most important concerns, from a consciousness that I could not well express what I wished to write. But I think I did wrong; I ought to have depended more upon God to direct and bless my imperfect attempts to serve him; and it is from this conviction I write now.

O my child, I entreat you to live in the practise of secret prayer; endeavor to feel and acknowledge your dependence upon God for the future, and your obligations to him for all past favors. You have not been your own keeper, neither are you able to defend yourself against attacks of sin and Satan. You are by nature exceedingly depraved, and are surrounded by snares and temptations on every side. There is no safety but in God. Think how much you have sinned against him already; how much of your time is past, and perhaps you have misimproved the whole; how many good resolutions you have broken; and let these reflections humble you deeply before your offended Maker.

Go to him in sincere prayer, confess your guilt, and implore mercy, for Jesus' sake. Beg of him a renewed heart, that he would deliver you from unbelief, and make you willing to see the necessity of being born again. Endeavor to see the all-sufficiency of that Savior whom

God has provided; that He has indeed laid help upon one who is mighty to save to the uttermost all who believe on him. Be much in reading the Bible: it is able to make you wise unto salvation. Sinners are there urged to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay down the weapons of their rebellion. There you will find many great and precious promises to those who seek after an interest in the covenant grace. There it is said, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. The present time may be the only time. God has said, my Spirit shall not always strive with the children of men. O tremble, lest you quench his blessed motions, and force him to depart from you. Now if you will hear his voice harden not your heart.

My son, give me thine heart, is the call of God to us all. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and mind, and soul, and strength; this is the first and great command. Shall we refuse him his just due, and yet expect to live upon his bounty, and form schemes of future aggrandizement, in defiance of his anger, as, alas, too many do, if we may judge by appearances. But, O my son, I hope better things of you. May God, in his infinite mercy, grant that my hopes, and not my illusions, may be realized. And now, my dear son, I commend you to God; may he preserve you from the dangers of this wicked world, guide you by his counsel, make you willing to seek and serve him all your days, and at last bring you to dwell for ever with him in glory, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate mother.

To L. T. and S. A. T.

NORTHAMPTON, December, 25, 1817.

MY DEAR CHILDREN—Your parents do indeed sympathize with you under your grievous affliction. You have just cause to call upon your friends for pity, for surely the hand of God hath smitten you in a very tender part. Our dear babes are to us as the apple of the eye, and we can neither see them suffer, nor be willing to part with them, without having our hearts torn as it were asunder, unless God is pleased to discover himself to us, as he really is. Although the sovereign of the universe, yet he is full of compassion, not willing to grieve nor afflict the work of his hands; it is only if need be that we are chastised, and it is in heaviness when he is pleased to give us this view of his character. Then it is we find our hearts sweetly bowed to his will, and are enabled to desire a mind truly resigned.

It was what I discovered of this in your letter, dear L. that constrained me, with tears streaming from my eyes, to raise them, with my heart, to heaven in sincere adoration and praise on your behalf, for had not the Lord seen fit to place you in the school of adversity you never had written such a letter. But now I hope you will say with the Psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." It has been my most ardent and unremitted prayer for you that God would guide your inquiries, and lead you to the knowledge of himself in all his divine attributes and glo-

rious characters; and I trust he is granting my request, although by a way I little thought of. But his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.

If he sees fit to take your dear child to himself, there is still much consolation for you. Our divine Lord and Savior, when on earth, took little children in his arms, and blessed them, saying, that of such is the kingdom of heaven. It is believed that he made full atonement for original sin for all; and that the innumerable company which the apostle John saw, of all nations, standing before the throne, clothed in white, with palms in their hands, were infants. Believing thus I cannot grieve when such are removed from a world of sin and suffering to perfect happiness and glory, although pity will make me weep for the bereaved.

I do trust that God, by this trial, is bringing you, my dear children, nearer to himself, and will teach you the vanity of all created good. May you also learn the value of that gracious promise which our Savior made when he said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Go to him, then, with all your sorrows, believing that as God he is able to perform all he has engaged to, and that he is as ready to accept you, and relieve your distress, as he did those who came to be healed when he was on earth. For his ear is not heavy, nor his arm shortened, that he cannot save to the uttermost all who believe in him. But, alas, our unbelief shuts us up from his mercy, and we ought to be constantly crying to him to shower down on us the divine influences of his Holy Spirit, to remove our unbelief and increase our faith, for without him, as we are nothing and have

nothing but sin, so we can do nothing to help ourselves. But through him we can do all things; and we have his sure, precious promise, that his strength shall be made perfect in our weakness, and his grace is at all times sufficient for us. How astonishing is his condescension. Surely we must own the sentence just that excludes all who will not accept this.

To L. T.

NORTHAMPTON, April 6, 1819.

DEAR L.—I have carefully perused your letter, and can only say that your views of salvation, and mine, are widely different. Mine are faith in Jesus Christ, as God-man, Mediator. Here I rest all my hopes. Not fifty years, I humbly trust, sincerely devoted to his service, afford me any ground of hope, any farther than as evidences of my adoption. Every action of my life has been so wofully polluted by indwelling sin, that without an almighty and infinite atonement, I could never dare to appear before infinite purity; and therefore I ought to abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes, while with an eye of faith I look to Jesus as my Prophet, Priest, and King, confidently trusting in him for pardon and acceptance.

The Scripture saith, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, and that not of blood nor the will of man, but of God, for it is God who works in us both to will and to do. Although in myself I find no resting place, yet by the ope-

ration of the Holy Spirit working faith in me, I hope to be both sanctified and justified. From trust in the merits of a glorified Savior I derive all my strength and righteousness, and all my dependence for guidance and instruction is on the divine influences of the Spirit, enlightening my understanding to know and do his will, as revealed in the Scriptures, all which I believe to be divinely inspired and given for our instruction.

Paul and James are united, in my view, and I believe faith will produce good works as necessarily as fire will produce heat, and that by works faith is made perfect. By faith I understand confidence in God that he will fulfil all his promises. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast.

But, dear L., who reproaches you? Surely not your parents. We consider our children as our joy and crown of rejoicing, and I trust they are acknowledged as such by us both in our grateful praises to the Author of all good. * * * As expectants of eternal life it is our most earnest desire that we may spend an eternity together. It is for this we speak and write. We cannot think you and we are agreed in fundamentals, and although we do not believe opinions are religion, yet we think they are the means by which God is pleased to work upon the heart and show a sinner his utterly forlorn state without a new heart and an interest in redeeming love, or what the Scriptures call the new birth.

Where the doctrines of grace are faithfully preached

it is followed by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit; sinners are pricked in the heart, and earnestly enquire, what they shall do to be saved? Can this be the case when they are taught to depend on their own ability to keep all God's commands, and that their sincerity, though erring, shall be accepted? I am sure, my dear child, if God has ever enabled you to look into your own heart, you have seen more errors there than duties performed, and has not the word said that whosoever fails in one point is guilty of all, and that by the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified, and that we are justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.

O, my son, call no man master, but lay all your supposed attainments at the feet of your Savior; there plead earnestly, plead for that wisdom which is from above, and having an high priest over the house of God, let us draw near in full assurance of faith, with a true heart, believing he is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. If he inclines your heart to seek him, he will, I trust, lead you on to the perfect day. He is the only effectual teacher. Remember he says, blessed are the meek, and the poor in spirit, the humble and contrite.

Pride is, I believe, our most besetting sin; at least I find it so. Do not seek to hide from your view the depravity of your nature. We are by nature exceeding sinful; the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it? We cannot change it, nor of ourselves do any good thing. Search the Scriptures; they are adapted to the meanest capacity; he that runs

may read, and understand enough to instruct him in every duty. It is the poor man's library, without comment, or any instructor save the Holy Spirit; it will make him wise unto salvation, and God has promised to give his Holy Spirit to them that ask.

You have drawn up an excellent set of moral duties; the world would indeed be another kind of place than it is if its inhabitants lived up to them. But the difficulty is, no one lives in the habitual practise of them; the best of men fall short, I have no doubt. Inculcating such duties has a tendency to benefit society, but I must think that a change of heart would have a much more powerful effect, for that would lead the man to do all the whole law, at least to strive after perfection from nobler motives, such as love to God, and a desire to do all for his glory. It would make him hate sin, not through fear of punishment, but because it was hateful to God, and had crucified his Savior. For this he would shun the very appearance of evil, and thus he would not attempt in his own strength, but live at the throne of grace, and by prayer draw continual supplies to help in every time of need.

These are my opinions, and I think they are Scriptural. I certainly think I have had some experimental knowledge of what I write. If I did not think that Christ was an all-sufficient atonement, and that his righteousness would be sufficient for me, what should I do? To what resort? Blessed be God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ; yes *our Lord*, who is one with God the Father and Holy Spirit, or he would be no support to me. Well might the apostle say, great is the mystery of

godliness, God manifest in the flesh. What amazing condescension that one, who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, should take on him the nature of man, and that for rebels such as we. Unsearchable riches indeed, but not the less true, although it proved a stone of stumbling to many and a rock of offense, but to him that believes, the chief corner stone of all his hopes. Here he may rest securely amidst all the storms of this vain, transitory life; his Savior is at the helm, and *he is God*, for no other could raise the dead, or still the swelling waves. Therefore he is able to save to the uttermost all who put their trust in him. He will accept of their sincere, but erring service, for he is not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of their infirmities, for he was in all points tempted like as they are, but yet without sin. By so much was Jesus made a surety of a better covenant, that we might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us, "which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail, whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus made a High Priest for ever."

But why do I quote from the Epistles? They are discarded, although our Savior prayed to his Father for all *those* who should believe on him through the apostles' word. Am I one of his followers, and shall I not own my Lord, and seek to promote his cause? Ought I not, by all means in my power, to enforce the truths I believe on the minds of those who are most dear to me? Am I not in duty, as well as in affection, bound to do it? And can I deliver my own

soul if I am silent? That I have not spoken earlier has been owing to a belief that they were seeking the truth, and a confidence that if they were sincere it would be revealed to them. For this I have not ceased to pray, and while praying breath remains I trust I shall not. * * *

If you hear only one side, and give implicit credence to that, how can you find the truth? I wish you would read the second and third volumes of Dwight's Theology, with the Scriptures. I think your views of some texts must be changed; and also read the Epistles in general.

I have written under a constant sense of my own ignorance, and hope I have not been permitted to darken counsel by words without knowledge.

I think I cannot conclude in a better way than with a text of Scripture. Saith our Savior, "*The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father, that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake.*" John xiv. 10, 11. If God dwelleth in him was he not God? Again he saith, "*Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.*" John xiv. 13. That you, dear L., and all my other children, may be included among *those* is the fervent prayer of your affectionate mother.

To L. T.

May, 1820.

I cannot give you up yet. I had thought never more to trouble you on the subject of opinions * * * but the more I become acquainted with the divine truths of the Bible, and experience their consolations and supports in my own soul, the more firmly I am established in the belief of the doctrines of grace, and dissatisfied with those you have embraced. Most earnestly do I recommend to you the diligent study of the whole Bible, for without comparing the New with the Old Testament we cannot understand the truths which it contains. When we are told that Apollos was mighty in the Scriptures, and that the noble Bereans searched them daily, that the study of them is able to make us wise unto salvation, the Old Testament was meant, for then there was no other written.

I will offer you a few texts,* selected from many others that are scattered through the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, all which I think clearly prove a plurality in the Godhead, and which, if you understand them as I do, will convince you that I neither rob God of his glory, nor depreciate the Redeemer, but that I as fully believe in one only living and true God as you do. And as He has been graciously pleased to reveal himself in his holy word as God the Father, God the Savior, God the Holy Spirit, I am not to reason on the nature of God, (for who, by searching, can find him out?) but humbly to believe what He has revealed, and rely upon his gracious promises, that

* The letter was accompanied with selections of proof texts.

in so doing I shall be saved. It is in this divine union, displayed in the glorious work of redemption, that exalts the Savior, and makes him appear chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. In him God is reconciling the world unto himself. 2 Cor. v. 19. For the sake of his perfect obedience and atonement, the promises to the poor, meek, and imperfect believer are that this almighty strength shall be made perfect in his weakness, and grace at all timesafforded sufficient for all his needs. And it is added, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

With all this encouragement shall we not by faith and prayer strive to become his in spirit and truth, not resting satisfied with past attainments, but pressing forward with renewed ardor, until we be made perfect, for it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do. O! what a foundation have we to build upon—Christ Jesus, our God manifest in the flesh, our chief corner stone. Shall we not, believing in him, be able to say with the apostle, "through Christ Jesus strengthening me I can do all things?" Shall we not be drawn off from self-dependence, all trust in our own righteousness, and view it as a covering too narrow, too short, to hide us from the wrath of the just and holy God? O, what a mercy do I consider it that we are not without a better hope than any thing in ourselves can furnish. Standing as I do on the brink of the eternal world, daily expecting to be called before my Maker and my Judge, what a rich mercy do I esteem it that I have been made acquainted with the great mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh, a

mystery which angels delight to look into, but they can never raise their notes so high as man in singing redeeming love. These things are hid from the wise and prudent, but are often revealed to those who have no learning in any science, but the knowledge of Christ Jesus as the atoning, Almighty Savior, of fallen and guilty, helpless man, *revealed to babes.* How often has this text revived my drooping spirits. Yes, I am one of that class, and I trust that he in whom I believe has enlightened my mind to believe the truth as it is revealed in his word, and *that* by the divine influences of his Holy Spirit. This gospel, dear L. is a salvation appointed for those who are ready to perish, who have no hope nor strength in themselves, and is not designed to put them in a way to save themselves by their own works. It speaks to us as condemned already, and calls upon us to believe in a crucified Savior that we may receive redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins; and the Spirit of God, by the gospel's first convincing us of sin and misery, and then by removing our unbelief, and revealing the things of Jesus to our mind, enables us to come to Christ as helpless sinners, to believe in him, and expect pardon, life and grace from him; free unmerited grace.

Thus enlightened by the Holy Spirit he sees faith to be very different from a rational assent; he finds that nothing but the power of God can produce a well grounded hope in his heart, and therefore looks to Jesus, who is the author and finisher of faith, to enable him to believe. For this he waits in what are called the means of grace. He reads the word with prayerful attention; in prayer he

pleads the promises, such as, "*Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out,*"—John vi. 37. "*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely,*"—Rev. xxii. 17. "*Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.*" Is. lv. 1.

Can any be so mad as to say, of all this wonderful grace revealed to us in God's word, it is above my comprehension; reason contradicts it; I neither can nor will believe it. Of such I can only say, Oh! that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end. Of you, dear L., I am not without hope that you are still seeking the truth. He most assuredly will guide you to the attainment of it, for he does not say to the sons of men, seek ye me in vain. We must feel ourselves sick before we can prize the great physician, and feel a sentence of death in ourselves before we can effectually trust in God to give us life.

You may be assured that whoever makes the foundation stone a rock of offence cannot be a sincere inquirer; indeed I have such a low opinion of man, in his depraved state, that I believe no one has real sincerity, in religious matters, till God bestows it. Man, with all his wisdom, reason and talents, is still but what the apostle calls the natural man, till the power of God visits his heart, and effects that saving change which is called the new birth. All that is good or gracious is the effect of a new creation, a supernatural principle wrought in the heart by the gospel of Christ, and the agency of his Spirit; and until

that is effected all that he is, or does, which either exalts him in his own eyes, or in the opinion of others, is but abomination in the sight of God. "*And he said unto them, ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts: for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.*" Luke xvi. 15.

Ah! dear L., when you are brought to estimate your disobedience, by comparing it with such a sense of the majesty, holiness and authority of God, and the spirituality, extent and sanction of his holy law, as He, and He only, can give and impress upon the heart of a sinner, you will be convinced that nothing but the blood of the Son of God can atone for the smallest instance of disobedience. That you may be convinced, and converted also, is not only my ardent prayer, but motive for writing; relying upon that Almighty Power which is pleased to work by means the wisdom of man thinks little of, and committing both this, and you, to his all-wise disposal, I remain your affectionate mother.

P. S. You have often remarked that I appeared to you to live in a constant dread of divine wrath, and when I have replied, not so, but that it was sin that was my burden, then you have said, you should suppose I had committed some dreadful evil. How I appear to others I know not, but I certainly have much cause to be thankful that my heart is known only to God, and that in infinite love he has provided a complete righteousness, wrought out by the atonement which Christ Jesus has made for sin. In this I have great consolation and peace

of conscience, but the more I have received the more I must mourn over my vile ingratitude.

Ah! dear L., if God should see fit to show you the evil which lurks, now unperceived, in your heart, you would soon see your need of an Almighty Savior, and fully subscribe to the doctrine of total depravity. And can I cease to mourn over dear children who are rich, and satisfied that they are in want of nothing, when I believe them to be poor, and needy, blind and naked, and know how uncertain life is? My heart's desire, and prayer to God is, that they may be saved; and with these views that I have of the way of salvation I neither can nor dare be silent * * * Now I have done, I think, and never mean to disturb you again. If you are not convinced, but are determined to hold fast your opinions, I wish not to know it, at least not from yourself. I know assuredly that the Judge of all will do right, and what am I or mine, that for ourselves, his honor and glory should be tarnished? Rather let me say, here am I, Lord, and the children thou hast given me; thou art the potter, we are the clay, thou hast a sovereign right to dispose of us as in infinite wisdom thou seest fit; thou hast made rich provision for all who will receive it, and hast freely offered it without money and without price. If, after all, we will refuse we must abide the consequences; and all the redeemed will unite in ascribing glory, honor, and power to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever, at the last decisive day.

But while we are on earth we must feel for our dear friends, and painfully too a separation from them. Oh! that

word *forever*. I *must* lay aside my pen. * * * Again I resume it to offer a tribute of praise for redeeming love, and that, notwithstanding all our unbelief, we are prisoners of hope. For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith, that ye being rooted and grounded in love may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, of that love of Christ which passeth knowledge; that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God, who is able to do above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.

To W. E. and R. E.

My Dear Children,—Your parent's heart bleeds for you at every pore, and fain would she offer you some consolation. Remember it is God that exalteth one, and layeth another low. You have been peculiarly disappointed in your earthly prospects. Had it been best for you it would undoubtedly have been ordered otherwise. Infinite wisdom cannot err. God does not willingly afflict, nor grieve the children of men, but chastises them for their profit.

Sanctified afflictions are great mercies. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. May you be enabled to go to the throne of grace, and cast all your cares upon Him who was a man

of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He stands with open arms, ready to receive every humble penitent, who sincerely puts his trust in him, and never sends the hungry soul empty away.

Our real wants are but few, and our time is short. The past cannot be recalled, and grief, though natural, is unavailing. Therefore let it be your care to improve the present moment, and to lay up treasures that never will decay. They will support you in every trying scene, scatter darkness from the valley of death, and lead you triumphant to glory.

I shall enclose a letter from E. It expresses what more I would wish to say in language far more soothing than I can use. * * *

With sincere affection, I remain your mother,.

S. TAPPAN.

To R. E.

NORTHAMPTON, October 4, 1815.

DEAR R.—We received yours of the 28th, and are happy that two of your children are so well provided for. We hope you will never distrust that providence, by which you are so wonderfully supported. It appears to me that your afflictions, as they more immediately respect yourselves, are great mercies, for has not the drying up of the streams drawn you nearer to the fountain of all good? And do you not find rich treasures there which, in the days of your prosperity, you thought little of? If it be so you will kiss the rod, and bless the hand that hath appointed it.

It is grievous to bring so much sorrow upon others, but you have this consolation, I trust, that your intentions were upright. * * We are such short-sighted creatures that we are unfit to choose for ourselves, and therefore we ought to be resigned when affairs go contrary to our wishes.

I think you have much reason to be thankful that there is such a pious instructor so near you. You are not wholly shut out from the worship of God in public. The last Sabbath was our communion. I hope you will be able to attend upon this ordinance somewhere. I thought much of you, and sighed to think of the past, and view your seat empty. * * * * *

I remain your affectionate mother,

SARAH TAPPAN.

To R. E.

It would have added very much to the pleasant visits we have had from your sons could you have accompanied them. * * We however hope to see, and enjoy your society, under better circumstances. You have had your day of adversity. We hope you have been able to make a sanctified improvement of the dispensations of providence, and that you, and your dear husband, will be enabled, as well as disposed, to repair the severe losses which have been sustained, both by yourselves and friends. As it was with Job, may your latter days be better than your beginning.

But the world is so full of changes that you must not allow yourselves to be too sanguine, but in the use of all lawful means cast all your cares upon God. All hearts are in his hands, and all means at his disposal. Without his blessing nothing can prosper, however for a time it may seem to prosper, yet it will be bitterness in the end. If you have an interest in Christ there is a sure promise that all things shall work together for your good; and I can assure you that if you are continued in life to the age of three-score and ten the things of time and sense will not appear of so much consequence as they now do.

It will be worth more to look back on a life devoted to God, and spent in his service, than all the riches of the east, notwithstanding we have to lament great imperfection and short coming in duty. There is more weight, than most people imagine, in that text of Scripture, "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

You have been greatly favored in being situated in C. Your privileges have been great, and I have no doubt they have been justly appreciated by you. I could wish you were not under a necessity to leave them, but we must go where duty calls. I hope you will find that religion affords rich consolation in all your changes. You have much cause for thankfulness, as well as your parents, that God has given you children of such fair promise. We pray that you may realize all your fondest expectations from them. * * * I hope they will not only be pillars of the state, but of the church, and members of the church triumphant in the realms above. * * * What a trial not

to be able to be with E. * * I must submit, and so must she, believing she is in good hands, both for time and eternity. I can, I trust, say, "thy will be done." With love to you all I remain your affectionate mother,

S. TAPPAN.

To A. T.

June, 1807.

MY DEAR SON—I cannot feel willing you should leave me without saying more to you than I have; and, as I have not the opportunity to speak, I think best to write. Your happiness, as that of all my children, lies near my heart. I would not, on any account, give them unnecessary pain. It is your happiness I seek, and fain would I assist you in building it on a sure foundation. "*Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.*" 1 Cor. iii. 11. Build on Christ Jesus, as the chief corner stone.

I fear you have imbibed some errors, from what you dropped last night respecting the new birth. There are many loose writers, and it is to be feared, unsound preachers, in our day. But the word of God is plain. He that runneth may read. Study it attentively, with sincere and fervent prayer for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit to enlighten your darkened understanding, and make your path of duty plain. God is a prayer hearing God. He has not said to the seed of Jacob, seek my face in vain. The Bible is full of encouragement to those who diligently seek for true wisdom, and assures us that all her paths

are peace, and her ways pleasant; and, from forty years' experience, I can subscribe to the truth of it.

O taste and see that the Lord is gracious, full of compassion, not willing that any should perish. Hear Him say in his word, turn ye, for why will ye die? Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; whosoever will, let him come, and take of the waters of life freely, without money and without price. Believe, and take the promised rest. Pray for an entire change of heart and pursuits; that you may love God supremely, and place your chief happiness in obeying his precepts. Hate sin sincerely, and strive constantly to overcome every evil propensity; and this, not in your own strength, but relying on promised assistance from Him who hath said, my strength shall be made perfect in your weakness, and my grace is at all times sufficient for you. We have abundant reason to believe that, if we are sincere in seeking for mercy, we shall have God on our side. If God was not more willing to save us than we are to be saved, he never would have given up his Son a ransom for sinners, nor informed us of it in his word, nor sent the Holy Spirit to convince us of sin, and urge us to repentance.

From my own experience I firmly believe the Calvinistic doctrines to be scriptural. I would not willingly consent to abrogate one of them. I love to acknowledge myself nothing, that God may be all. I feel that I am depraved in the whole man; that in me naturally there is no good; that all my sufficiency is of God; and it is my happiness that I may go to him as a guilty, weak and helpless creature, and cast all my cares upon him. He

has promised never to leave nor forsake me, and I can trust his word. It is this comfort, my dear child, I wish you to enjoy. It is what the world can neither give, nor deprive us of. O, seek first the kingdom of God, and all other things shall be added unto you. That is, you shall be fully satisfied with the allotments of Providence; and how can it be otherwise, if you believe the promise, that all things shall work together for good to them who put their trust in him. Therefore in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your paths; trust not to your own understanding; it will deceive you. * * * That you may be made to see your lost, undone estate, by nature and practice, and directed to rely wholly on the merits of a glorious Savior; that you may be filled with the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, sanctifying and purifying your nature, and live to the glory of God, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate mother,

SARAH TAPPAN.

To L. T.

December 15, 1813.

——— I had rather never hear from you than that your morning devotions should be either abridged or omitted. Omitted! did I say? O never may you be left to deprive yourself of so inestimable a privilege. Believe me, I speak from experience, you will first lose your peace of conscience, and then the great adversary of mankind will be permitted to make dreadful havoc of all your other comforts. If I had nothing in view but my earthly com-

fort, I would sooner give up my visiting, dress, and even food, than deprive myself of this source of enjoyment.

What can be compared with this, that fallen, depraved creatures are admitted to hold near and intimate communion with Deity, to pour out all our complaints before him, to present all our petitions to him, assured that our divine Redeemer is ever before the throne, pleading his merits in behalf of all who trust in his perfect righteousness. And what surer foundation can we have, who in ourselves are altogether sinners, without one good action or work to recommend us, or on which we can lean for support in the great day of account?

I am sure that it is from my own woful experience, and not the writings of others, that I advocate the doctrine of total depravity, for in me there surely dwelleth no good thing, and it is wholly of grace, free grace, that I am able to perform one acceptable deed. Your cares and duties are many, and they will increase as you advance in life, for years yet to come. You must cast all your cares upon God, who never sends the sincere humble petitioner empty away. You must seek for wisdom to direct, patience to bear, prudence to forbear, and strength to overcome all difficulties. In so doing you will find no more laid upon you than you will be enabled to surmount. You have the sure word of promise that strength shall be equal to your day—only be faithful to God and your own soul, you need fear no ill. Your children shall rise up and call you blessed, and be the future props of your declining years.

To A. T.

March, 1816.

My Dear A.—Although I am a miserable writer, and worse speller, I do not feel willing to miss so good an opportunity to tell you how much interest I take in all your concerns. It grieves me exceedingly that your dear wife has suffered so severely, and that she is obliged to relinquish the delightful employment of nursing her infant. Sweet babe, it is very trying—but you have a good nurse, you say, and doubtless you are satisfied as to her habits and health, and have her under your own eye. I pray God that the infant may be preserved, and that its mother's health may soon be restored. May you long live to be help-mates to each other, and unite in bringing up your dear children for God. I rejoice that you are both sensible of the important trust committed to you, and of your responsibility. The best advice I can give you is to put your trust in God. Seek diligently to Him for direction, and you will find that promise sure, "*If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.*"—James i. 5.

I am now with dear R. God, in his all-wise providence, has seen fit to suffer great distress to fall upon them, but we have cause to hope afflictions have been sanctified to them both. They are humble, but not in despair. They have been wonderfully supported under all their trials, and instead of sinking have made great exertions to live. * * * * She is cheerful, and summons all

her resolution to cheer her husband, and keep up his spirits; but they must part, and the trial will be severe. When at prayer, with his family, this morning, he mentioned it, he was greatly affected. Do you never wonder, my dear children, what supports those who have no God to go to when troubles come in like a flood, and they sink in deep mire? Wretched indeed are all such. Let those of us who are sensible of the worth of the support of an Almighty arm, put away from us every sin, and devote all that we are, and have, to that God who has thus distinguished us from others, as good by nature as we, and perhaps better by practice, according to the light they enjoy.

It is cause of much thankfulness to us that God has blessed me with such children, that, with the increase of wealth, their desire to honor him with their substance has also increased; that their liberality to their parents has been abundantly manifest. May your children reward you an hundred fold. I embrace the dear little treasures affectionately, and assure you of my most affectionate regards. That you may be blessed in all your goings out and comings in, is the sincere prayer of your mother,

SARAH TAPPAN.

To R. E.

NORTHAMPTON, March 29, 1816.

DEAR R.—I rejoice with you that your husband has returned so soon, and that your babe is spared, when you had almost lost all hope of its living. In your feeble state you must have suffered much. * * * I hope your health,

and that of the infant, are confirmed by this time, and that you will have a peaceful, pleasant summer, and that a kind Providence will point out some way for your husband's talents to be improved to the best advantage. In the mean time, and at all times, put your trust in God, and he will provide. *Live near the fountain.* Nothing can give you such support. Friends may advise us to keep up good courage, but what can poor, feeble, erring, mortals do, of themselves, to support the sinking mind? Alas, their strength is weakness, their wisdom is folly. It is a great mercy to be made sensible of it, and of our entire dependence upon God. If He is our friend, what need we fear what man can do unto us. We have his sure promise that *all* things shall work for our good, and it is only if *need be* that we are in heaviness.

Hitherto you have had much cause to adore and praise your almighty Benefactor. Your mercies have been fresh every morning, and new every evening. You have been wonderfully supported and carried through trials that, at a distance, appeared like mountains. The very apprehension of them almost overwhelmed you, but God was your helper. O then, trust in him; "He only is your rock and your salvation." Blessed be his name for ever, for he hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities, for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.

It is with joy I inform you that Northampton is also visited with the outpouring of divine influences. How extensive, I am not able to say, but we hope it is increasing. ——I had written thus far when I received yours by

Mr. S. And is your husband gone? I sincerely hope he will succeed. If we can no longer live in the same place we must be resigned. It is what we have much enjoyed, and probably if you had not left me we should have soon parted. We must pray earnestly that we may so live as to spend a happy eternity together. O, that is all that is worth living for. May its importance be deeply impressed on our hearts—is the sincere prayer of your affectionate mother, SARAH TAPPAN.

To MRS. E. P.*

(Written during the winter of 1818, at Northampton.)

DEAR ELIZA—Your letter rather points out to me what I ought to be, than what I am; and I hope to profit by it. The path which you have marked out is undoubtedly the only one that insures peace here, or happiness hereafter; and though convinced of it how woefully prone are we to wander from known duty, and to forsake our own mercies. If we were not upheld by an Almighty arm how soon should we destroy ourselves. To be kept by the Almighty power of God is indeed an unspeakable mercy, although a very common one; but to be enabled to trust in and commit all our concerns into his hands, and rest satisfied with all the dispensations of Providence, however contrary to our wishes, is a height which few reach, but which all

* This is the only letter that has been found, written to her daughter Elizabeth. It is probable she wrote many to this beloved child, and that after her decease at her house she destroyed them.

may attain. That we may possess this treasure let us give ourselves unto prayer. The apostle says, "*Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks.*" 1 Thess. v. 17, 18.

There has been, and we hope still is, a revival of religion in this town. It began in the school, at the farther end of South-street, kept by a Mr. Hamblin, from Andover. It has an influence in other parts of the town. Conference meetings are held almost every night, not only in South-street, but on the Plain, the Hill, and in this street. A spirit of prayer seems to be poured out, and many are inquiring, *What shall we do to be saved?* * * * Our dear S. has been in great distress, so that she could neither eat, nor sleep, for anguish of spirit; but it has pleased God to remove her distress, I hope, in the happiest manner. One morning, which succeeded a day of deep contrition, she came to me and said, "O grandmamma, I think I can give myself up to God, and accept of Jesus Christ as my only Savior. I think I could praise God for what he has done for sinners, although I should never share in the mercy. I hope I am not deceived, but as soon as, on my knees last night, I felt this resignation to be disposed of as God saw fit, my distress left me, and I lay awake, almost through the night, praising God."

This was about a fortnight ago, and she has ever since appeared solemn, but serene and happy. She loves to attend conference meetings, and read the Bible. By my advice she has written to her parents, and described her feelings from first to last. She seems to have a clear view of the doctrines of grace, and acknowledges herself indebted to Miss S. for the culture of her mind. When you

write to this friend do thank her, in my name, and S.'s, to encourage her to continue to scatter the good seed.

Last evening there was a conference meeting at the school house, near the Jail, for the first time. Mr. A.* is thought to be in a consumption. He has been greatly concerned for his future state, and has been visited by Mr. Keep, and Mr. Gould, as well as by Mr. Williams. They all found him humble and teachable, willing to give up all dependence on himself. He has now a comfortable hope, I am told. May it rest on a sure foundation; and may this, and other recent providences, excite all of that class particularly to attend to the all-important concerns of their souls.

There are some other hopeful appearances. Major D.† has been active in seeking a suitable place in that street for the people to meet in, the school house not being large enough. Dr. S.'s store is thought of. O, if a change in favor of religion should become universal here, especially in the higher walks of life, what a delightful scene would it afford. Then I could indeed rejoice that you had returned to unite with your friends here in praising God for a new and most wonderful display of his power and goodness. Not but that I now rejoice in your present prospects, and hope you will long realize the happy result. It is my daily prayer that you may be enabled to cast all your

* Hon. Eli P. Ashman, of Northampton, Mass., en eminent lawyer and statesman, who died, in the meridian of life, in hope of a blessed immortality.

† Josiah Dwight, Esq. of Northampton, Mass., who had been Treasurer of the State, and died a firm believer in the Gospel of the blessed God his Savior, and in hope of its precious rewards.

care upon God, and that you may be directed by infinite wisdom in every step you take. The present is certainly a most important crisis with you, and your future happiness much depends on the manner in which you act; but we have the sure promise, if we ask we shall have wisdom given us. * * * * * * Louisa S. is very low. * * * I do not know that religion has been in all her thoughts. Mary W. has visited her. Fanny W. has been quite unwell, before and since the fire, but is better. You will doubtless hear that her father's house* had well nigh been laid in ashes last week, but by the special interposition of Providence, it was preserved without much loss.

I have been somewhat unwell, with a cold and cough, which have kept me from meeting two Sabbaths, but am now pretty well. Your father has also a cold upon him, but he does not feel sick enough to stay at home. Except this we have been very well through the winter so far, and the weather has been uncommonly pleasant. Julia A. has been at L.'s this winter, under Dr. Jackson's care. She is now better. Augustus has gone to the south, in the pursuit of health. His poor father† must be solitary indeed. I trust that he has better consolations than the world affords. O that we may all have, prays your S. T.

* The Parsonage.

† William Aspinwall, M. D. of Brookline, Mass., who died April 16, 1823, in his 80th year, in the peace of one, who had long possessed the religion of Jesus Christ.

To S. T. P.

NORTHAMPTON, September 18, 1820.

DEAR S.—I thank you for your affectionate letter, but more for the preference you give to a residence with me. Perhaps you might have been more respected there, but you could not have been better beloved. I shall always rejoice to have you with me, and you need not wait for A.'s return, for I can have you both. * * * *

You doubtless miss the privileges you enjoyed here, but I trust that you find these words verified, God is not confined to means, although he chooses to work by them. To him that believes, Christ is precious. To do all for him, to receive all from him, and to find all in him, is the one thing needful. This is the life of faith, in the mysteries of redeeming love, a faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast.

Seeing then that we have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession, let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help, in time of need. O, what a privilege is prayer. How are we, poor sinners, exalted by this near and sweet intercourse with heaven; and yet what various hindrances do we meet, in coming to the mercy seat, from the corrupt fountain of our depraved nature. Let others boast of the

dignity of man, of the good which is inherent in him, be mine the part to lie low at the foot of sovereign mercy, and confess that in me dwelleth no good thing by nature. All is depravity. "O, to grace how great a debtor." It is that by which I am brought to know how vile I am. It is that which enables me to look up to God for mercy, with humble dependence upon the perfect righteousness of the all-atoning sacrifice which he has appointed in Christ.

We must strive to enter in at the straight gate, but blessed be God, who has promised that strength shall be equal to our day, his grace is at all times sufficient for us. O, then let us run and not be weary, pray and not faint, since it is Christ Jesus that works in us both to will and to do, and who will most assuredly give the free reward. Surely we need no other motive than the love of Christ Jesus, manifested to us in his death and sufferings, to excite us to labor with all our might to keep his commandments. Cannot we say with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." Let us evidence, by our holy and faithful lives, that it is our hearts' desire to live to his glory.

A little grace, though small as mustard seed, is worth a thousand worlds. Nor should the grief, arising from what we know of our own hearts, rob us of the comfort that the word of God yields in what is there recorded of the person, offices and grace of Jesus, and the relations he is pleased to stand in to his people. "*The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.*" Psalms xxiii, 1. "*For thy Maker is thy husband; the Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; the God of the*

whole earth shall he be called." Isa. liv, 5. "*Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.*" John xv, 15. "*My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father; Jesus Christ the righteous.*" 1 John ii, 1. "*Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch, and a king shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth.*" Jer. xxiii, 5. "*But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*" 1 Cor. i, 30.

The love of Christ is the wonder, the joy, the song of angels, but their notes can never raise so high as ours in singing redeeming love. Well might the apostle, speaking of the height, depth, length and breadth of the love of God to sinners, be at a loss for words to express the fullness of his heart. It is a theme which saints will delight to contemplate through eternity. It is the food of their souls in this wilderness below. He owns their worthless names, calls them his mother, and his brethren, and assures them "to him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on his throne." * * * *

Your affectionate grandmother.

To E. P.

October 14, 1820.

Dear E.—I have strong hopes, the many religious advantages you have enjoyed have not been lost upon you, but that you have not only joined Christ's visible church, but have resigned yourself up to him as your righteousness and strength, and depending upon the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, have resolved to be wholly devoted to him, as your God and Savior, desiring to be found walking in all his commandments, for Christ has given that as an evidence of our love to him. And I hope that, from sweet experience, you can say, all his ways are pleasantness, and all his paths are peace. It is a great cause for gratitude that you may at all seasons draw near to God in prayer, and that your Advocate on high is, although clothed in flesh, one with God, mighty to save, having all power in heaven and on earth. Happy they who can realize the divine presence always with them; but this is obtained only by faith and prayer. To these the promises are made. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"—"Seek and thou shalt find." O then, dear child, pray earnestly for faith. Study the word of God diligently. Pray over it—for without the guidance of the Holy Spirit, it will be a sealed book unto you. We cannot, by our own wisdom, comprehend its truths, but if God is pleased to reveal to you his will, he will also enable you to rejoice in the gospel plan of salvation, by Jesus Christ, and you will realize the preciousness of a Savior, such as is there provided for all who will

accept of him, on those terms. Is his righteousness precious to you? Are you willing to give up all your own as filthy rags? Are you convinced there is no merit in any thing which you ever did, or can do—that sin cleaves to all, and if ever you are saved, it must be all of grace, free unmerited grace? You may then go on believing and rejoicing. I can, from experience, assure you the promises are sure. Strength shall be equal to your day. The Almighty arm shall be your support, and although sin will dwell in you, so long as you remain in this vale of tears, it shall not reign over you, but you will rejoice, with trembling, knowing that your warfare is just begun. Without, you will find many snares, within, a depraved heart, excited to sin by a busy enemy, constantly going about seeking whom he may devour. We not only need put on the whole armor of God, but we must keep it bright, by watching and prayer. Our Savior says, "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch;" and for our comfort adds, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The Captain of our salvation is mighty to save, and will most assuredly keep that we commit to him, nor shall Satan be able to pluck it out of his hands. Therefore be not dismayed. There are more for us than against us—the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through him who hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, my strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness." And whatever he said to his disciples, while here on earth, he said to all his sincere followers to the end of time—and when he prayed for his disciples he kindly and conde-

scendingly added, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all them that shall believe on me through their word; and he that believeth in me hath everlasting life." In that word the perseverance of the saints is secured. The word is full of encouragement to believers.

O may you never forsake the fountain, in pursuit of the streams—bitter remorse must follow; and if you are sanctified painful doubts will fill your mind with regard to your sincerity. An even, close walk with God, is not only your duty, but your privilege. O then live a life of watchfulness and prayer. Such passages as that in the 8th of Romans, "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities" &c. will greatly encourage and assist us. And O, let piety mingle with your prayers for those who know not the way of salvation, by Jesus Christ, that they also may be brought into his fold; and may a grateful remembrance of what God has done for you draw out your most sincere praises to the Lord, who has enlightened your dark understanding, subdued that natural enmity which sinners all feel against his government and grace, and has given you a hope of glory, and enabled you to put your trust in him, and granted you a measure of stability in the midst of a changing world. I would recommend to you, as your guide, the Pilgrim's Progress, with Notes, not by any means preferable to the Bible, but as useful to illustrate it.

That you may long rejoice the hearts of your dear parents, and by uniting in the love of God your Savior and of one another, you may strengthen each other, and grow in grace, and persevere therein to the end, is the sincere prayer of her who rejoices that so many of her

dear grandchildren have been enabled to give such good evidence of their being born again. That you may all be kept steadfast in the faith, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate grandmother, SARAH TAPPAN.

To L. P.

December 2, 1820.

How often have I said in my heart, and I believe sometimes with my lips, that I could willingly have all my children stript of every thing the world calls great and good, if I might but be permitted to entertain the hope that they were heirs of eternal life. It appears to me that there is nothing short of that worth living for. That is indeed the chief end of man. Surely I may be allowed to judge of the worth of the world after living in it so long, and enjoying so many, and so oft, of its sweet ingredients, among which I esteem dutiful, kind, affectionate children as the greatest of all my temporal mercies, and these dear children have so entwined themselves about my heart that the idea of being separated forever from them is dreadful beyond expression.

You will, perhaps, say "Why then will you admit it? Oh that it were possible to do otherwise. But can I believe they are all Christians, while I know they disbelieve those doctrines which are the foundation of all my hopes, and that appear to me as plain in God's word as though written with a sun beam? I can no more doubt their meaning than I can my own existence, and if I could, my own experience, for fifty years, is to me strong

evidence of their truth. I have no doubt of my heart being, by nature, totally depraved. I have continually woful proofs of it, and unceasing cause to adore the riches of free, unmerited grace, by which I am enabled to stand, and persevere, looking forward, with hope, that He, who is mighty to save, will strengthen me, with the divine influences of his Holy Spirit, unto the end.

We are poor, weak, inconsistent creatures, if left to ourselves. To love and trust the Lord Jesus is the great lesson we have to learn. He can forgive sin, impart grace, subdue corruptions, silence unbelief, make us strong out of weakness, and do more than we can ask or think, and has promised all this, and more, to all, without exception, who call upon him in spirit and in truth. Prayer is not only our high privilege, but our most necessary duty. We must seek if we would find; and to the sincere, the word of God is full of encouragement; and indeed all that is necessary to make us wise unto salvation is there, and there only. But we cannot understand it, but by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. The dispensation of truth is in his hands, and this infallible Spirit Jesus is exalted to bestow, and he has said "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" but for all we need we must seek by the diligent use of all appointed means.

I fear, that by many who call themselves Christians, there is hardly any thing less known and understood, as to the power and experience of it, than the mystery of Christ's sufferings and death for us, and justification by faith in him, as one with God; though it is the only foundation of the believer's hope, and his greatest source of

comfort. My favorite Newton has this passage, which also has my full belief—"The blood of Messiah, in whom were united the perfections of the divine nature, and the real properties of humanity, and which the apostle therefore calls the blood of God, this precious blood cleanses from all sin. It is exhibited as a propitiation of perpetual efficacy, by which God declares his righteousness, no less than his mercy, in forgiving iniquities, and shows himself just to the demands of his holiness, and the honor of his government, when he accepts and justifies the sinner who believes in Jesus." If these things were understood, and attended to, would it be thought wonderful that this Savior is very precious to those who believe? How can it possibly be otherwise? Grace like this, when known, must engage and fix the heart.

To L. T.

May, 1823.

Dear L.—You invited me to write to you again, and expressed an intention to reperuse what I have already written. Had I the pen of a ready writer it would be my delightful employment to use it often in conveying my thoughts to dear children. I have many discouragements, arising from ignorance and weakness, but in love to my children I will yield to no one. That carries me far into futurity, and excites ardent desires that, when this earthly separation shall end, we may for ever be united in adoring, and singing grateful praises to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and to all eternity sing the

wonders of redeeming love, the mysteries of which so perplex and divide us here, because we, poor short-sighted creatures cannot comprehend them. O, my son, leave sophistry, believe what God has revealed in his word, diligently attend to that preaching which is now so evidently blessed to the conversion of many, compare what you hear with that which is written, and seek to divest yourself of all prejudice.

The promises of God's word are sure. If you will but use his appointed means, with a sincere desire to have your mind enlightened, and to know the truth, you shall know of the doctrines, whether they be of God. I entreat you not to harden your heart against this glorious work, which evidently appears to be the work of God, lest you be found fighting against Him. It may perhaps never occur again in your day. It is what Christians have long been praying, and waiting for, and are now rejoicing in. Do not you, dear L. behold and wonder, and ask yourself, what can make the mighty difference in the word preached? Surely it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that speaketh. It is the doctrines which God sees fit to own and bless; the doctrines of grace, which some would blot out from the Bible, faithfully preached to sinners, and set home on their hearts by the divine influences of the Holy Ghost, that operate thus powerfully in breaking down the strong holds of sin, and building the kingdom of heaven. It is the preaching of the cross that sets forth the love, the amazing love, of God to sinners. In Christ Jesus he is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. All fullness is in him. They that put

their trust in him shall be like Mount Zion, which cannot be moved. That you may love, honor and obey him, as your God and Savior, is the prayer of her, who travels in birth for you, until Christ be formed in you the hope of glory.

To L. T.

October 1st, 1825.

Dear L.—I have read yours, in which you apologize for the part you have taken as it respects B. and shall I add, wept over it, and spread it before the Lord, supplicating mercy for you, intreating that he who opened the eyes of the blind, when here on earth, would cause that the scales might fall from yours also, and that he would enable you to discern the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. O, my son, when you say my sentiments alienate the youthful mind from the love of God, do you think it possible that your love is more ardent than your mother's? Believe me, when I assure you, a God in Christ, reconciling the world to himself, is all my hope, my dependence for time and eternity; and were I in heaven, without my God, it would be no heaven to me.

You think I worship a Savior, whom you cannot believe to be God, and draw the conclusion that I do not love God as the one only living and true God, and that I view him in the light of an inexorable Judge. But it is not so, for so far from it, the one only living and true God is the object of my most supreme love. O, how he has watched over me, guided and protected me through a long life. His mercies have been clustering round me all the

way, and my only grief has been that I loved him no more, and served him no better. True, my sorrow has been greatly increased by the errors in which I have seen my dear children involved. I fear that my God is not their God. They are not willing that Christ should reign over them; they count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, and reject the divine influences of the Holy Spirit. With the Bible open to them, and its truths written as with a sun beam, they are wise above what is written; and I am told my sentiments endanger the welfare of the soul! Can I cease to weep? O, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night, for my dear children, who will not come unto Christ that they may be healed.

But, blessed be God, I do not mourn without hope. He has erected a throne of grace, and invited all to repair to it, assuring them that whosoever cometh, they shall in no wise be cast out. Here then I may repair, in full confidence that the Judge of all will do right; and although out of Christ he is a consuming fire, yet in and through him, he is willing to be reconciled to the chief of sinners, not for any thing meritorious in them, but only for the sake of his well-beloved Son, who freely gave his life a ransom for his enemies.

I know not perhaps exactly what your views of orthodox sentiments are, but they must be very erroneous, or you would not write as you do. We believe that without holiness no man can enter heaven; and we also believe that this means holiness of heart, evidenced by a constant endeavor to obey all God's commands, with a humble depend-

ence on the divine influences of the Spirit, to enlighten us into all truth, purify our hearts, and enliven our desires after a more exact conformity to our Savior's example and precepts, relying wholly on his merits and righteousness for acceptance at last.

You speak of making ourselves pure, and hastening on the consummation of all things. Alas, who is sufficient for these things? Of ourselves we can do nothing but sin, and that cleaves to all we perform. Were it not for our Savior's gracious promises, and faith in them, the holiest man on earth could have no hope of ever seeing heaven. But they, believing his word, rely on his power, and find all the way that their expectations were not vain. They feel that his strength is made perfect in their weakness, and are assured that his grace is sufficient for them. Believing, they go on their way rejoicing, not indeed without sore conflicts, from temptations without, and sin, their worst enemy, within. They follow their Almighty Leader, in sure confidence that he will never leave, nor forsake them, until his enemies, and their enemies, are subdued.

Is it a wonder that Christ is precious? We cannot exalt him too much, nor abase ourselves too low. There is no truth in the Bible, more experimentally proved, than that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Where is the experienced Christian, who does not, with Paul, daily groan, being burdened with a body of sin? The nearer he walks with God, the more sensible is he of this malady, and the more rigorous is his opposition to it. This is the Christian's warfare, which never will end but with life. The Bible points to his armor,

and directs him where to apply for wisdom, strength, and courage; and holds out, as a reward to the conqueror, a crown of glory, eternal in the heavens.

If I advance, dear L., any thing not scriptural, point it out to me, I entreat you. I know that I am a poor instructor, but I write what I believe and think,—what I have some experience of. If I wronged your sentiments let me know it. I have no desire to wound your feelings, nor do I believe you would deliberately give pain to me. It is not that which is sending me sorrowing to the grave, but the soul-ruining errors, which I fear will drown my dear children in perdition. I give you full credit for an upright intention. I have no doubt that you think you are doing God service, but O, my son, beware lest, with the zeal of Paul, you crucify, or lend all your influence to those who would persecute, Jesus Christ. Pause, I beseech you, and consider *the time is short*, eternity is near. Think of what infinite importance a mistake may prove. O, pray earnestly for light. If, with sincerity, you seek, you will not, you cannot, be sent empty away. Only in the diligent use of means wait upon God; let no earthly cares draw off your attention from so momentous a concern; admit the possibility you may be mistaken; and, as a little child, humbly seek for more light.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings when you plead that conscience would not permit you to consent that B. should attend church with me. My first thought was that such blind zeal might lead a mother to the stake. Your letter gave no new turn to my feelings, and the subject has been my constant companion ever since. I wish-

ed much to give vent to my thoughts while you were here, but there was such a gloom hung over my mind that I could not utter a word, and when you spoke of the unfeeling conduct of a religious man at W., I wondered that you did not compare yourself with him. But it was to me a new evidence that you were blind; and, while praying breath is granted me, I trust it will be spent in pleading that you may receive your sight, and that the now glorified Savior, who, in the days of his residence on earth, accepted of the faith of believing parents, in behalf of their children, would accept of mine, and heal you, for he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His arm is not shortened, neither is his ear heavy, that he cannot save to the uttermost all who put their trust in him. That you, my dear son, for whom I travail in birth till Christ be formed in you the hope of glory, may be redeemed by his most precious blood, is the most fervent prayer of your affectionate mother, your aged and dying mother. I surely write from the borders of the grave, and in view of the bar of my Judge, and, if *you will*, your Savior.

P. S. I have long had it on my mind that I ought to make some reply to your apologies respecting B., and also to notice your affectionate remarks on my birth-day. I have indeed lived many years, and can add that God has wonderfully distinguished me from many, far more deserving his favor, and who doubtless would have much more advanced and honored his cause. My responsibility has also been great, as I have had more than thirty youths placed under my care, at different times, and some for

years; and much do I lament that this seed-time was no better improved. Had I fulfilled my covenant engagements, and devoted all the powers and faculties which I possessed to the cause of that glorious Redeemer, who shed his precious blood for his enemies, my dear children had now perhaps all been his faithful followers.

That I may, as it concerns you, my dear son, repair the injury, I now write under a sense that my time is short, and that soon we shall be separated to meet next at the bar of God. With what confidence could I look forward to this awful scene if I had nothing to depend on but my own merits? Alas, all that I can sum up, for more than fifty years, is sin, and affords me no plea but this—Lord, be merciful to me a sinner! And yet I am rejoicing in hope, for I know that my Redeemer lives, and am sure that as he has kept me so long from wickedly departing from him, so he is able to keep me unto the end; and, O, my dear son, I entreat you to strive to your uttermost to gain this hope. Believe me, there is nothing you can do that will afford you at last the least support, without Christ. O make the Judge your friend before it is forever too late. Suffer not the pride of an unbelieving heart longer to blind your mind, but fly to Christ. He only is the city of refuge. Apply to him, with the teachableness of a little child, pray earnestly, as for your life, that you may see the deep depravity of your own heart. Nothing short of this will bring you to the foot of the cross, where you must, being deeply humbled for sin, become prostrate, looking to him, who though he knew no sin, yet bare your sins that you might live; and now, by my hand, offers, perhaps for the

last time, pardon to you; and, in the most pathetic manner, expostulates with you, saying, Why will ye die? Do not think me unkind, or hard-hearted, in any thing I have written. It is all written with sincere love, and is full of tender emotion, but in view of eternity.

To W. T.

As cold water to the thirsty soul so is good news from a far country. How delightful, when from a child, for whom a parent has felt the most anxious solicitude, and who has, for a long course of years, offered up fervent prayers to that Being who does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men. He is continually showering down rich mercies on the evil and unthankful, or surely I had not tasted so often of his bounties. They are new every morning, and fresh every evening. If my dear children were pious, and would unite with me in singing, with their whole hearts, the Redeemer's praises, my cup would be full to overflowing. O, that God would be pleased to triumph over infidelity, vice and error! But He has a sovereign right to dispose of all things as he sees fit, according to his own good pleasure.

God has said that he will be sought after, in his own appointed way. This is an unspeakable privilege, that we may draw near the mercy-seat, in humble hope of being heard and accepted,—though not for our own sake, yet for his sake, who has condescended to take our nature upon him, and has died that we might live. He is now pleading on high, in behalf of all who put their trust in

him. He has said, ye believe in God, believe also in me. I and my Father are one. Whatsoever ye ask the father, in my name, I will do it. My dear son, let me entreat you to believe what God has said; ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock and the door shall be opened.

Words cannot express my emotions when we parted—perhaps to meet no more in this world. Think, my dear son, of our next meeting. Should it be at the tribunal of our Judge, oh! may you and I meet to unite in singing praises to the triune God. I saw the anguish of your heart, and sympathized with, and wept for you, but was convinced nothing earthly could relieve you. It must be the work of God. * * * Resist not the strivings of the Holy Spirit; seal not your own condemnation. O, how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

O, trifle not, I entreat you, but consider it is for your life, the eternal life of your soul. What will it avail you though you gain the whole world and lose your soul, or what can you give in exchange for your soul? Alas! nothing can countervail the damage. * * * Believe me, religion will afford you solid and rational happiness, such as the world can neither give nor take away. With a mind contented with the allotments of providence, whether prosperous or adverse, you will receive all as coming to you by the immediate direction of God, your father and friend, who has promised that all things shall work for your good.

To one who Professed to Submit to Christ.

O if indeed God has inclined your heart towards him, stripped you of every vain plea, and made you willing, with humiliation and sincere contrition, to give yourself up to him, then look to the cross of Christ, meditate on the glorious worth of redemption, resolve that if you must perish it shall be crying, with the most earnest solicitude, *God be merciful to me a sinner.* Plead the merits and atonement of that Savior who died to save sinners such as you, who is now exalted to plead for all who believe in him, and who has said, *Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* He will *in no wise* cast out any that come unto him. *Whosoever* will, let him come, and take of the waters of life, "without money and without price."

Free grace leaves nothing for us to do but to believe. It is unbelief that destroys the sinner. How wonderful it is that when such rich provision is made by God himself, for the salvation of fallen man, he should need so many persuasives to induce him to accept of the proffered mercy. How forcibly does it evince the depravity of the heart, and that it is totally alienated from God by unbelief. Surely it is justly described in the word of God as "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" Jer. xvii, 9. Bless God for discovering yours, in any measure, to you. Seek for a more thorough knowledge of it.

To this end study the Bible, diligently divest yourself of prejudice, hear those preachers who will explain to you, in

the most forcible manner, the truths of the gospel; shun those fashionable preachers, who prophecy smooth things that will lull you into a false security; and form all your resolutions in an humble dependence upon divine aid. Remember it is said, "*my grace shall be sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.*" 2 Cor. xii, 9. If you seek, with your whole heart, for an interest in these promises, they must be yours. O trifle not, I beseech you, in this all important subject. * * *

I am glad I was directed to put Baxter in your way. It is an excellent guide. I am a firm believer in the overruling care of providence, and trust you will yet be thankful for the trials that God has appointed. It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. And why? Because he is satisfied with what he possesses, not considering what snares they may prove. But whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. The Psalmist says, "*before I was afflicted I went astray.*" Psalm cxix, 67. Afflictions are God's messengers, to recall our wandering steps, and we should eye His hand in them. Creatures are but his instruments, are under his direction, and can go no farther than he permits them.

You told me your wife thinks she is a Christian, * * * unite around your family altar, with your dear children, morning and evening; assist each other in instilling good instruction into their young and tender minds; take delight in reading, and conversing, upon religious subjects; and thus go hand in hand in the straight and narrow path. All old things will become new, by being sources of humi-

liation and praise. You have a charming family of children, all of whom may, by your united endeavors, become pious, and then what a treasure they will prove. * * May they prove sweet ingredients in your cup of earthly bliss, and a crown of rejoicing in the world to come. Children are precious treasures committed to our care, and our responsibility is very great. We have need to be continually on the watch to improve all our talents, and every means. * * * *

To C T.

December 24, 1825.

Dear C.—I have taken up my pen to write you a few lines, in hopes it will induce you to write to me. I fear I have not discharged my duty in so long remaining silent. Do you not sometimes wish you had a friend, to whom you could open your whole heart? Now, where could you confide, with more safety, than in the bosom of a mother? I know you have a bosom friend, but I also know, experimentally, that, on religious subjects, we cannot use that freedom which we can with some not so intimately acquainted with us.

I need not inform you, for I have often manifested it, that I am deeply interested in the welfare of the souls of my children; and I regret that I did not labor more, when they were young, to ground them well in the doctrines of the Bible. But then it did not appear probable that they would be in danger from the errors of the present day. Indeed I never had heard of them, and I could wish that

my dear children never had, but God has permitted it should be so. It is my greatest trial,* but infinite wisdom has appointed it, and I desire to be still and know that He is God, holy and just in his ways. It is my comfort too to believe that he has the hearts of all in his hands, and is infinitely able to bow the most obdurate to his will; and will most assuredly save all who accept the offers of mercy through a Redeemer, "*in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.*" Eph. i, 7.

What the word of God has revealed I am bound to believe; but not to comprehend or explain. It is expressly said, "*He that believeth * * * * shall be saved.*" Luke xvi, 16. What are we to believe, if not what is clearly revealed concerning our salvation through an Almighty Savior? We are commanded to search the Scriptures, for they are the words of life eternal, and testify of Christ, from Genesis to Revelations, that He is God dwelling in man, that he freely offered himself a sacrifice for us sinners of the race of Adam. He took our nature upon him, that he might die, and God dwelt in that nature, that their redemption might be complete, and justice satisfied; "*And without controversy great is the mystery of Godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.*" 1 Tim. iii, 16. See also

* At these places, as elsewhere in her letters to her children, there are evidences that this affectionate mother bedewed the manuscript with her tears while she mourned over the wickedness of her children, and urged upon them to accept of mercy through a crucified Savior.

the first chapter of John's gospel, and Hebrews iii, 4. "*For every house is builded by some man; but he that built all things is God.*"

But, alas, it is also too true of man, both from Scripture and experience, "*that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually,*" Gen. vi, 5; and that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" Jer. xvii, 9. I say from experience, for surely I can testify to the truth of that text, for more than fifty years, and the more clear my views are of the holy character of God, and the purity of his law, so much more vile does my heart appear. O, my dear son, if you have been made sensible that you are a sinner, in the true scriptural sense, you have felt your need of an Almighty Savior, and I hope have fled to Christ for refuge. O that it may be so. The promise is sure, "*them that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;*" but "*he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all them that* DILIGENTLY *seek him.*" * * * O that you may so seek as to find, so pray as to be heard, is the fervent prayer of her who travails in birth for you, until Christ be formed in you the hope of glory. From your affectionate mother,

S. TAPPAN.

Family Record.

The following genealogical particulars were obtained from the Boston town records, from the venerable Mrs. Abigail Waters and others. They cannot but be interesting to near relatives, and even the *minuteness* with which some of the facts are related, will, instead of diminishing, add to the interest with which these family reminiscences are perused.

Rev. William Homes* was born in the north of Ireland, the place not being known to the present descendants. It was probably near Londonderry. He married a Miss Craghead of that town, and was settled in the ministry in that region, being ordained a minister of the Presbyterian church, October 21st, 1692. Mention is made of his preaching at Straban in 1696, and at other places in the neighborhood in 1705. Soon after the latter date he emigrated to North America. He was installed pastor of the church at Chilmark,† Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, in 1715 or 1716. He was the author of several pieces that appeared in print, one of them being a discourse on the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath; and some of his sermons were published in a small volume.

He had a salary of 80*l.* old tenor, and is said to have left the care of his domestic affairs to his wife, while he

* This is the correct orthography of this family. Others spell the name Holmes.

† See Collections of Historical Society, (Mass.) Vol. iii. page 74.

devoted himself to his studies. He was considered a man of worth, and was highly venerated by his cotemporaries. Mr. B. T. recollected hearing the aged people, who came from the Vineyard, speak of him as a devotedly pious man. Mr. Homes had seven children, three sons and four daughters, and five of them survived him. Their names were Robert, Margaret, Hannah, &c. One of the daughters married a Mr. Hutchinson of Nantucket. Mrs. S. T. recollected being at their house. Their only son, James, was a tailor in Boston, and afterwards moved to Sudbury.

Capt. Robert Homes was master of a vessel that traded from Boston to Philadelphia. He married Mary Franklin, sister to Dr. Benjamin Franklin. She was born 26th September, 1694. Dr. Franklin has made mention of his brother-in-law in his life. It is supposed he was lost at sea. He left two children, William and Abiah.

Margaret Homes married Wilmot Wass,* who was High Sheriff. They lived in Silsbury, (Middletown, so called) on the Vineyard. Another daughter married one Doggett. The other married Colonel Jonathan Allen, of Chilmark. He was much of a gentleman, and a man of much respectability. One of his sons, Jonathan, graduated at Harvard college.

Hannah Homes was the youngest daughter, and died a single woman. She was pious. Mrs. S. T. remembered her, and was her room-mate on a visit to the Vineyard, during her youth. Her nephew, William Homes, sat her up as a shop-keeper, at Martha's Vineyard.

* Mr. William E. Mayhew, of Baltimore, is his great grand son.

William Homes, Esq., son of Captain Robert Homes, was born on the 10th January, 1716, in the house at the corner of Union and Hanover streets, Boston. He went to the Vineyard when quite young, and probably lived with his grand-father. When he was fourteen years of age, he was apprenticed to Mr. Rufus Green, goldsmith, whose shop was in Newbury-street, Boston, next to Messrs. Green & Cleverly's shop. Until he was of age he attended the Episcopal church, with his master, but ever afterwards a Congregational church.

He married Rebecca Dawes, the eleventh child and fifth daughter, of Thomas and Sarah Dawes. She was born in Boston, 9th March, 1717. They were married 24th April, 1740, by Rev. Dr. Sewall, and lived in Ann-street, back of Mr. H.'s shop, where Messrs. Gay & Veasy kept, in 1819. Afterwards they lived in Sudbury-street.

When his son William arrived at the age of twenty-one, his father quit the goldsmith business, giving it up to his son, and bought a store in the market, next to where Mr. Train had a store in the year 1819. Mr. Homes traded to Philadelphia, in flour and iron. His store was burned during the revolutionary war. He then bought a farm in Norton, Mass. and moved his family to that town.

He died in Boston, in July, 1785, of the dysentery, while on a visit, in the seventieth year of his age.

He died in the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Webb, two doors south of Winter-street, on the west side of Newbury-street. His widow, Mrs. Rebecca Homes, moved from Norton to Boston, and passed the remainder of her days in the family of her son William. For several years her sight was failing, and she was totally blind ten or

twelve of the last years of her life. She went to Portsmouth, N. H., to consult a famous Dr. Hall, but getting no relief she went to Stafford Springs, Mass., in the summer of 1769. Mr. B. Tappan went from Northampton to see her there. She got no benefit from the mineral waters, and was obliged to live in total darkness during the remainder of her life. She was, however, cheerful, and industrious, being accustomed to thread her needle, and sew and knit, without assistance. In person and air, Mrs. S. T. thought she bore a striking resemblance to the late Mrs. Esther Stoddard, of Northampton.

Mrs. Homes died at her son's house, in Ann-street, nearly opposite the "Golden Key," in July or August, 1786, aged sixty-nine. Both she, and her husband, were buried in the family tomb, in the Chapel Burying-ground, Tremont-street. They both became pious under the preaching of Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Tennent. She was a member of a female praying circle which, it is believed, is continued, in Boston, to the present day.*

Mr. Homes, before the revolutionary war, held the commission of a justice of the peace under the royal governor. He was a public spirited man, and a decided Christian. He was particular in a strict observance of the Sabbath. It was a saying of his that attention to aged parents, and a conscientious regard for the Lord's day, besides being pleasing to God, conduced essentially to temporal prosperity. He used to speak favorably of the meritorious conduct of Colonel Thomas Dawes, who took his aged mother and five sisters to his house, supported them all, and was

* See Memoirs of Mrs. Abigail Waters, page 61.

remarkably prospered and honored. Mr. Homes himself supported two or three aged aunts in their old age. He has been represented to be a man of a tender conscience, good tempered, and inclined to jocoseness. This latter propensity he checked as much as possible. In his personal appearance he was thin, had large joints, was rather round shouldered, and in his countenance was thought to bear a striking resemblance to his uncle, Dr. Franklin.

William and Rebecca Homes had fifteen children, few of whom lived to be adults. Mary was born on the 5th March, 1740. She married Barnabas Webb, who was apprentice to his father-in-law, and worked at the goldsmith business until he was old. She died in the year 1833, at Thomastown, Maine, at the age of ninety-three.

William Homes, Jun. was born May 7th, 1742, in Ann-street, in the house nearly opposite the one in which he died, on Lord's day, 13th January, 1825, aged eighty-three. He worked at the goldsmith business to his last sickness. He was an exemplary Christian, and his honesty was proverbial.

Thomas was born May 16, 1743.

Katharine, April 12, 1746.

Abigail died sixteen months old.

Rebecca died when she was five years old. She gave evidences of piety. Her sister Sarah, who was two years younger, recollected seeing her on her knees at prayer, and it made a strong impression upon her mind.

Sarah was born in the house where her brother William lived and died, in Ann-street, January 2, 1748, (*new style*) and was married to Benjamin Tappan, Mon-

day evening, October 22, 1770, in Hawkins-street, near Sudbury-street, by Rev. Dr. Cooper, her own minister, Dr. Sewall, being sick. She, as well as her mother, had fourteen brothers and sisters. She had eleven children, viz: Sarah, Benjamin, Rebecca, Lucy, William, John, Charles, Arthur, Lewis, Elizabeth and George. The nine eldest survived her. Elizabeth died at the age of twenty-eight, and George died the day of his birth.

Benjamin had a large family, lived in Berkshire County, Mass., and died in the year 1819, at about fifty-six years of age.

Elizabeth died a single woman in the year 1790, at the age of thirty-three, while on a visit to Boston, and was buried in the Chapel Burying-ground, in the family tomb.

The remotest ancestor of Benjamin Tappan, husband of Mrs. Sarah Tappan, of whom any knowledge has descended in the family, was *Abraham* Tappin. He died in Boston, England, whence his widow, Susanna, and her children, emigrated to Salisbury, Mass. Their names were *Peter*, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, John and Patty. From the eldest, Peter, descended Peter, Jane, *Samuel*, Elizabeth and Christopher. From Samuel, the third child, who was a farmer, descended Samuel, Joseph, Wigglesworth, Abigail, Martha, Mary, Ebenezer, Lydia, *Benjamin*, and Joseph. From the ninth child, Benjamin, descended *Benjamin*, Samuel, Mary, David, Wigglesworth, Abigail, Samuel, Ebenezer, Michael, Elizabeth, Martha, and Amos.

In Newbury, (Old Town,) Burying-ground (Rev. Leo-

nard Withington's) B. T. saw a grave-stone of his grand parents, Samuel and Abigail Toppan.* Their names, &c. were on the same stone, a circumstance that "struck me," said B. T. "agreeably." A stone, with the name of Christopher Toppan, brother to Samuel, was close by. He was the minister of the parish. B. T. saw his grandmother, Abigail,† after he was of age. He described her as a small woman. Her maiden name was Wigglesworth, and all that family were of small stature. Her father was minister of Malden, and her brother Edward, Professor of Divinity in Harvard College.

Samuel and Abigail Toppan lived on a twenty-five acre lot, situated near the meeting-house. B. T. recollected the house. Samuel was a farmer. They afterwards lived on the Rowley road, a mile from the meeting-house; and here they died.

B. T. remembered his eldest uncle, Samuel. His father was born in 1720, entered Harvard College at seventeen, and graduated at the age of twenty-one; kept school at Haverhill, Mass.; boarded in the family of Mr. David Marsh,‡ and married his eldest daughter, Elizabeth,

* B. T. spelled his name Tappen, to conform to the orthography of the families of this name residing in the State of New-York, while his father, Rev. B. T., spelled it Toppan. His father, and brother David, proposed to him that if he would alter the last syllable to *pan* they would spell the first syllable *tap*. Christopher Toppan threatened to disinherit his son Edmund, for altering his name to Tappan, and he discontinued writing it thus.

† See her letter to her son Benjamin contained in this volume.

‡ The name was originally spelled Mash. Four brothers came over from England. *George* settled at Hingham, Mass. One brother settled at Hadley. A branch of the latter moved to Northamp-

in 1746. He was settled in the ministry at Manchester, Essex County, where he died. His salary was £80, "to be paid in silver at 6s. 8d. an ounce." He had young men studying with him, from time to time. His eyes were small, and deep in his head; he had a dent in his chin, dimples in his cheeks, and was inclined to corpulency.

The following are particulars respecting the children of SAMUEL TOPPAN, son of Abraham. Samuel was a farmer in Newbury. He had seven children, Samuel, Amos, Sarah, Mary, Abigail, and Ebenezer. His second son, Amos, graduated at Harvard College, in 1758, was a minister at Kingston, N. H., and died young, leaving a widow only. WIGGLESWORTH died a bachelor. In the former part of his life, he lived at Old York, (Maine;) was one of the Deacons, and much respected; but in his old age he removed to Newbury, bought his father's mansion-house, and died at about the age of seventy. ABIGAIL married SAMUEL NOYES, of Newburyport. They had five children, John, Ebenezer, Abigail, Mary, and Judith. MARTHA married JOHN SMITH, of Newburyport. They had two children, John and Abigail. She was married again

ton. From George descended *Onesiphorus*, who died in 1713. His son *John* died in 1734—both aged about eighty. Onesiphorus was a farmer. On his grave-stone the name is spelled Mash. From John descended *David*, who died at Haverhill, in his eightieth year. He married a MARY MOODY, from Newbury. Her father was a coaster. She lived to the age of ninety-one, and had not lost one of her twelve children. If she had lived to the age of one hundred and three she would not have lost a child. She died in the year 1794. Her eldest daughter, *Elizabeth*, was born in Haverhill, on Marsh's Hill, a mile west from the meeting-house. This family has been remarkable for the longevity of its members.

to Cutting Moody, of Newburyport. Their children were Mary, Lydia, Ebenezer and Hannah. Lydia married Jonathan Marsh. Mary married Joseph Couch. They had no children. Lydia married Jesse Smith. They lived in Newburyport, and had ten children, viz: Moses, Mary, Michael, Jane, John, Richard, Abigail, Samuel, Joseph, and Martha. Benjamin married Elizabeth Marsh, and was minister of Manchester. They had twelve children, Benjamin, Samuel, Mary, David, Wigglesworth, Abigail, Samuel, Ebenezer, Michael, Elizabeth, Patty, and Amos.

Benjamin Tappan was born October 21, (O. S.) 1747, and married Sarah Homes. They had eleven children, ten of whom lived to adult ages, and were all married. He died January 29, 1831, aged 83 years and 65 days. Samuel was born in 1749 and died in 1751. Mary was born in 1751, and died in 1810. She married Josiah Fairfield, of Pepperelborough. They had two children, Priscilla and William. She afterwards married Aaron Burnham, of Scarboro'. David was born in 1753, and died in 1803. He married Mary Sawyer. They had eight children, Sarah, Enoch, David, Mary, Benjamin, Hannah, George W., and Mary Eliza. He was Professor of Divinity in Harvard College. Wigglesworth was born in 1754 or 1755, and died in 1794 or 1795. He married a daughter of deacon Chase, of Saco. They had two children, Sarah and Samuel. Abigail was born in 1757. She married Mr. Chase, of Portsmouth, N. H. They had three children, Stephen, Benjamin Tappan, and John. Afterwards she married John Baker. They had

one child, Mary. Samuel was born in 1759 and died in 1806. He married Aurelia Bingham, of Manchester. They had six children, Aurelia, Amos, William Bingham, Eliza, Daniel Dana, and Samuel. Ebenezer was born in 1761. He married Betsy Foster, of Manchester. They had eight children, Ebenezer, Benjamin, Samuel, Israel, Betsy (two of that name) Sally, and Mary. Michael was born in 1763, was married, and his children were named Nancy and Abigail. Elizabeth was born in 1765. She married Mr. Chase, of Saco. Martha was born in 1766, or 1767. Amos was born in 1768. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1788, and married Isabella Buckminster, who died in 1814.

THE CHILDREN OF BENJAMIN AND SARAH TAPPAN

are as follows:

	Names.	Born		Married	
1	Sarah,	1771.	August 1.	1799. November 29.	Solomon Stoddard.
2	Benjamin,	1773.	May 25.	1801. March 20.	Nancy Wright.
3	Rebecca,	1775.	July 14.	1793. November 11.	William Edwards.
4	Lucy,	1777.	July 14.	1802. May 6.	John Pierce.
5	William,	1779.	July 21.	1805.	Sarah Patterson.
6	John,	1781.	July 26.	1805. September 30.	Sarah Salisbury.
7	Charles,	1784.	August 8.	1809. September 24.	Ann Maria Long.
8	Arthur,	1786.	May 22.	1810. September 18.	Frances Antill.
9	Lewis,	1788.	May 23.	1813. September 7.	Susan Aspinwall.
10	Elizabeth,*	1790.	October 31.	1817.	Alexander Phœnix.
11	George W.,†	1793.	October 30.		

THE GRAND CHILDREN OF BENJAMIN AND SARAH TAPPAN

are as follows:

	Names.	Born		Children of	Married
1	William Edwards,	1796.	December 10.	Rebecca.	Helen Ann Mann.
2	Henry Edwards,	1798.	October 22.	do.	Martha Ann Dorr.
3	Solomon Stoddard,	1800.	November 29.	Sarah.	
4	Charles Stoddard,	1802.	June 27.	do.	Mary A. Porter.
5	Ogden E. Edwards,	1802.	November 11.	Rebecca.	Catharine Shepherd.
6	Sarah Tappan Pierce,	1803.	March 4.	Lucy.	Calvin Durfy.
7	William Henry Stoddard,	1804.	March 5.	Sarah.	Frances I. Bradish.

* Died, May 30, 1819.

† Died, October 30, 1793.

	Names.	Born		Children of	Married
8	Alfred Edwards,	1804.	August 10.	Rebecca.	Sophia Matilda Lewis.
9	Elizabeth Tappan Pierce,	1804.	September 15.	Lucy.	
10	Elizabeth Tappan,	1806.	March 9.	William.	Stephen Bates, Jun.
11	Abigail Lovell Pierce,	1806.	September 13.	Lucy.	
12	Elizabeth Edwards,*	1806.	December 29.	Rebecca.	
13	Lewis Tappan Stoddard,	1807.	February 8.	Sarah.	Susan Gore.
14	Sarah Tappan,	1807.	November 15.	William.	Daniel Ludlow Lum.
15	John Gallison Tappan,	1808.	February 5.	John.	
16	Rebecca Edwards,	1808.	April 30.	Rebecca.	Benjamin Curtis.
17	Lucy Pierce,	1808.	June 24.	Lucy.	Henry Hedge.
18	John Stoddard,	1809.	March 11.	Sarah.	
19	Lucy Tappan,	1809.	August 5.	William.	
20	Samuel Salisbury Tappan,	1809.	September 2.	John.	
21	Feroline Walley Pierce,	1810.	March 20.	Lucy.	Thomas Fox.
22	Sarah Homes Edwards,	1810.	June 6.	Rebecca.	
23	Arthur Francis Stoddard,	1810.	November 30.	Sarah.	
24	Charles Long Tappan,†	1811.	April 28.	Charles.	
25	Ann Tappan,	1811.	November 7.	William.	Cyrus Brewster.
26	John Tappan Pierce.	1811.	December 15.	Lucy.	
27	Sarah Salisbury Tappan,	1811.	March 1.	John.	Thomas Denny, Jr.
28	Charlotte Lansing Tappan,	1812.	February 4.	Arthur.	
29	Ann Maria Edwards,	1812.	April 22.	Rebecca.	
30	Rebecca Waldo Tappan,	1812.	November 5.	John.	
31	Benjamin Tappan,	1812.	April 1.	Benjamin.	
32	Benjamin Tappan,	1813.	August 3.	Arthur.	

* Died, January 29, 1817.

† Died, October 23, 1833.

	Names.	Born	Children of	Married
33	Robert Pierce, *	1813. October 24.	Lucy.	
34	Ann Maria Tappan,	1813. November 6.	Charles.	Edward T. Griswold.
35	Jane Tappan,	1813. November 27.	William.	
36	Sarah Tappan Stoddard,	1814. March 23.	Sarah.	
37	Amory Edwards,	1814. April 24.	Rebecca.	
38	Lewis William Tappan,	1814. August 3.	John.	
39	Susan Aspinwall Tappan,†	1815. May 28.	Lewis.	
40	George Frederick Tappan,‡	1815. June 27.	Charles.	
41	William Blake Pierce,	1815. September 26.	Lucy.	
42	Frances Antill Tappan,	1815. December 20.	Arthur.	
43	Elizabeth Edwards,	1816. February 22.	Rebecca.	
44	Mary Salisbury Tappan,	1816. April 3.	John.	
45	Charles Tappan,	1816. December 12.	William.	
46	Juliana Aspinwall Tappan,	1816. August 12.	Lewis.	
47	Benjamin Tappan Pierce,	1817. November 23.	Lucy.	
48	Francis Wilder Tappan,	1817. December 29.	John.	
49	Rebecca Phœnix,	1818. March 18.	Elizabeth.	
50	Susan Aspinwall Tappan,	1818. June 14.	Lewis.	
51	David Tappan Stoddard,	1818. December 2.	Sarah.	
52	Sarah Salisbury Tappan,	1819. February 19.	Arthur.	
53	Mary Tappan,	1819. February 26.	William.	
54	Elizabeth Phœnix Tappan,	1819. May 28.	John.	
55	William Aspinwall Tappan,	1819. September 17.	Lewis.	
56	Rch'd Cunningham Edwards	1819. October 16.	Rebecca.	
57	Mary Wild Pierce,	1820. December 6.	Lucy.	

* Died, October 6, 1819.

† Died, December 31, 1817.

‡ Died, July 16, 1815.

	Names.	Born	Children of	Married
58	Rebecca Tappan,*	1821. February 25.	William.	
59	Lucy Pierce Tappan,	1821. April 8.	John.	
60	Elizabeth Tappan,	1821. April 8.	Arthur.	
61	Lewis Henry Tappan,	1821. April 18.	Lewis.	
62	Henry Edwards Tappan,†	1823. January 3.	John.	
63	Elizabeth Tappan,	1823. March 4.	Lewis.	
64	Mary Lansing Tappan,‡	1823. October 24.	Arthur.	
65	Eli Todd Tappan,	1824. April 30.	Benjamin.	
66	Henry Martyn Tappan,§	1824. July 10.	John.	
67	Lucy Maria Tappan,	1825. February 17.	Lewis.	
68	Arthur Tappan,‖	1825. September 1.	Arthur.	
69	Josiah Salisbury Tappan,	1826. January 20.	John.	
70	Catharine Colt Tappan,	1827. July 27.	Arthur.	
71	Georgiana Blagden Tappan,	1832. September 15.	Lewis.	

* Died. † Died an infant. ‡ Died, July 25, 1831. § Died an infant. ‖ Died an infant.

Extract of a letter written by Mrs. Abigail Tappan to her son, (afterwards minister of Manchester, Mass., and father of Mr. Benjamin Tappan, the husband of the subject of this Memoir,) who was then a Student in Harvard College. The letter is so valuable, that it is thought its perusal, in connection with the preceding letters, will be interesting and instructive.

NEWBURY, (Mass.,) April 14, 1740.

SON BENJAMIN—I rejoice to hear of your bodily health, but more especially that the Spirit of God is striving with you, minding you of your duty and interest; and that you are calling to mind sick-bed promises and resolutions. The Lord enable you to pay the vows, which your lips have uttered, and your mouth hath spoken, in the day of your distress! Having opened your mouth to the Lord, you may not go back: God will account it sacrilege, if you do. Read Ecclesiastes v, 4; "When thou vowest a vow, defer not to pay it; for God hath no pleasure in fools. Pay that thou hast vowed." Besides, with what face will you dare to sue for mercy any more in time of danger and distress, if you neglect to pay your vows?

To renew your covenant with God is your undoubted duty and interest; and I advise you to do it, first in secret between God and your own soul, and that with the greatest seriousness, solemnity and mature deliberation; and afterwards publicly; and with a deep sense of your own impotency and unworthiness. By earnest, fervent prayer, in the name, and for the sake of Jesus Christ, implore the assistance of the Holy Spirit of grace, that he would take an everlasting possession of your soul, and set up his

kingdom there; that he would loose the bands of sin, the chains and fetters of iniquity, and set your soul at liberty, to run in the way of his commandments with enlargement of heart.

Be diligent, constant and very serious in attending upon the means of grace in public and private; and watch, pray and strive against a vain, wandering and trifling spirit in holy duties. As a remedy against such an evil disease endeavour to get a thorough sense of the vast weight of unseen and eternal things; possess your mind with a sense of the vanity and emptiness of all earthly enjoyments, and with the worth and value of your immortal soul;—that it will be a most unprofitable bargain to gain the whole world with the loss of your soul. Labor to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and your deep and deadly pollution by it. Fix your eye on your wicked heart, that fountain and spring of corruption, that defiles all your actions, that inclines to all evil, and makes you averse to do any thing that is good. Then look over your innumerable actual transgressions. Think how you have sinned against the clearest light, the dearest love, and against promises and vows of amendment

Let these thoughts fill you with shame and sorrow; and beg of God to give you repentance unto life, and to pardon your sins for Christ's sake. Endeavor to see the transcendant beauty, loveliness, and excellency of Jesus Christ, his fullness and all-sufficiency;—that God has laid help upon one that is mighty; that there is enough in him to pay all your debts; to supply all your wants, be they ever so many, ever so great. Pray to God for the grace of faith,

and that he would draw you to Jesus Christ, and enable you to believe on his name.

Think of the blessedness of the man, whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sin is covered; of the man that has God for his portion. Remember that God offers himself to you, to be your shield and exceeding great reward; that he commands you to seek his face, and says, "My son, give me thy heart." Now obey his voice, and turn at his reproof. * * * Consult the exceeding great and precious promises of the gospel. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me, shall never thirst."

Excite all the ardor of your soul to a fixed resolution to be the Lord's, and to join yourself to him in an everlasting covenant, that shall never be broken nor forgotten. I earnestly advise you to go to the minister, who will rejoice in having an opportunity to serve God, and to assist you with his counsel and prayers. Tell him plainly your case, your promises, your hopes, your fears; and be sure to observe his directions. Now the God of all grace be with you, bless you, and make you a blessing; direct, strengthen, settle you, and build you up by faith upon that rock of ages, Jesus Christ, that God hath laid in Zion for sinners to build upon. Your loving mother,

ABIGAIL TOPPAN.

The following letter was written by Rev. Benjamin Tappan, of Manchester, to his son at Northampton.

For Mr. Benjamin Toppan, of Northampton, Goldsmith.

Manchester, February 7, 1770.

Dear Child—It is difficult for me to write to you; but yet easy and natural for me to remember and care for you. God is my witness that I think of you by day and night; and that I forget you not in my addresses to the throne of grace.—I am greatly concerned for your welfare. I mean your spiritual and eternal. When I think of the carelessness, heedlessness, and irreligion of young people, I am in distress for you—my son. O my painful fears lest you live as other young people seem commonly to do in the neglect of God, Christ, and their own souls. However, I hope you do not.

Beware lest you miss of the grace of God, and fall short of his kingdom. Let the blessings of God's kingdom be sought in the first and chiefest place. Give all diligence in your endeavors to secure the good part which shall never be taken away. Let God's grace, and love, and salvation, be the objects of your most vehement desires, with fervent prayers, and most careful and unwearied endeavors. Let it be your main concern, on common days, as well as Sabbath days, to make provision for your soul's welfare. Be solicitous, both day and night, about a preparation for death, judgment and eternity.

Beware of the world, flesh, and devil. Be addicted to serious consideration. Think often of your soul, your errand into the world, and your work in it; the greatness

of your work here; the shortness of time; the uncertainty of time; the duration of eternity; the blessedness of such as die in the Lord; the misery of such as die in their sins, and under their Maker's displeasure; the worth of salvation; the fearfulness of damnation, &c.

Be addicted to serious and impartial self-examination. Be much in prayer and supplication. Be watchful as well as prayerful. Make conscience of your behaviour towards God and man. Willingly neglect no ordinances or duties whatever. Be religious in secret, as well as in public. See to it that you are religious indeed and in truth, as well as in word or profession.

Take heed that you rest not in an external profession. See to it that you have the internals and externals both. Live not contented without regeneration by the Spirit of God. Seek to have all old things done away, and all things become new in you. Rest in nothing short of that faith, and love, and repentance, and fear, and obedience, and devotedness to God, which is according to the sacred word. Give yourself no rest till you have obtained God's Spirit, grace, salvation, and love. Give yourself no rest, till you can humbly conclude God yours, Christ yours, salvation yours, and Heaven yours.

My son! my son! my son! my dear son! my own flesh! Will you hear me? will you hearken to a father who loves you like himself, and your soul like his own? God give you ears to hear, and eyes to see, and a heart to obey! Will he make you wise for your own soul! May it please him to make you wise unto salvation, and for eternity!

We are all well, through divine mercy, and hope you are. We long to hear from you. Send us a line the first opportunity. We have not heard from you since the reception of your letter of October.—My love, with your mother's and brothers' and sisters'.

Your affectionate father,

B. TOPPAN.

P. S. There have been several sudden deaths, of late, in Ipswich and Salem. Boast not, my son, of to-morrow. Be solicitous to be always ready to die, and appear in the presence of God.

Lieutenant Lee, last week, received news of the death of his daughter Bishop. Heavy tidings. O how heavy? 'Tis sad work, very sad, to bury dear children. O how sad to bury adult children! Unless they are evidently pious! What work is it to bury children of whom we have scarcely the least hope!

LETTERS FROM BENJAMIN TAPPAN, ESQ.

To L. T.

NORTHAMPTON, September 26, 1809.

MY DEAR SON—* * * In your journey to the South you have had opportunity to visit two of the most populous cities in the Union, and to observe their ways of doing business, as well as the manners and foibles of the inhabitants. These will not be lost upon you, I hope. You are, my son, just setting out in the world, and have a character to form. O, be anxious to begin well. Seek to God for his direction and blessing; and acknowledge him

in all your ways, and he will direct your paths. Shun the crooked and deceitful ways of sin, and be honest and upright in your whole dealings with your fellow men. Try to establish a fair character as a merchant, and never be guilty of any thing that looks like tricks, or a desire or wish to overreach those with whom you trade. I have no suspicion of your doing otherwise than right, but, as a beloved son, I warn you (as I think it my duty) not to go with the wicked and the workers of iniquity, but to follow the ways of good and virtuous men. Then you may hope to be prospered and blessed, both here and hereafter.

Mr. D. S. W. will inform you of the probable fate of your friend Henry Lyman. I hope that it will have a due effect upon your mind, and lead you to reflect on the shortness of life, and on the need we have to be prepared for the summons of death. Mr. W. is your friend, and will be a pleasing companion to me, I expect, in trade. * * * I anticipate great comfort from this connection with him in the evening of life, and hope that I shall not be disappointed.

As your parents are growing old, and will probably have ill turns in the course of the winter, we wish to have your sister Elizabeth return from Boston to be with us, * * * but if she is not ready to come so soon, she has my consent to stay longer, and indeed I do not insist upon her returning this fall, if she and her friends wish her to stay through the winter, being willing to forego our comfort and convenience to gratify her and our dear children.

Your affectionate father,

B. Tappan.

To L. T.

NORTHAMPTON, October 21, 1809.

MY DEAR SON— * * * * I have enquired the particulars of the last end of your friend, H. Lyman, and learn that he was unwell some days before he left Montreal. He came on with S. Henshaw, and was twenty-four hours crossing the lake to Burlington, without having any thing comfortable to eat or drink. When he arrived there he was so weak that he could not walk to the house, from the boat, without assistance. He grew worse daily, and his friends were sent for. His brother Lewis arrived on Monday, and found him very low. On Wednesday evening he died. About five minutes before he expired, he was able to take some broth, and said that he relished it well.

His brother, and the physicians, agreed to keep his danger out of sight, and flattered him that he was getting better, so that he left the world without thinking, (so far as appears to mortals) of the great and awful change that awaited him, or making any preparation for it. Happy for him if he had prepared in season, but I think friends are to blame to conceal the danger when it is evident, as it serves to lull the patient into false security, and endangers his eternal happiness. His death is greatly deplored by his friends and acquaintance. I hope, my dear son, it will not he lost upon you. Remember that there is but one thing needful, and choose that good part which will never be taken from you. Take great care that your heart is not *too much* taken up with the cares of this

vain world, for vain it will certainly appear on a sick bed and in the near approach of death. * * *

The state of our country is gloomy, and the rest of the world much worse. Happy for those who have a treasure in a better and an eternal one. Your mother unites in love to you, with your ever affectionate father,

BENJ. TAPPAN.

To L. T. and S. A. T.

NORTHAMPTON, January 5, 1812.

DEAR CHILDREN—Your parents have prayed for, and sympathized with you, under your late sore affliction, in the distressing sickness and death of your first born and beloved child. Your trials have been severe and tedious, for several months, and you could not but be thankful to see your dear infant breath her last, after such a scene of sufferings, which you had so long witnessed. Your loss, though great, is unspeakable gain to her, as she is released from a state of suffering and pain, and introduced to one of light, peace and joy, in the region of never ending bliss. This is a source of much comfort to you, and to us, under the bereaving stroke which God has seen fit to exercise us with. You have been hereby taught the uncertainty of all earthly comforts, as well as the evil of sin, which has been, (and is) the cause of all the calamities, that are brought upon the children of men; and will, we hope and pray, be directed to seek for happiness in communion with God and your Savior, and in giving up yourselves to his service, seeking his grace to be imparted

to you, that you may make a wise improvement of his holy and wise dispensation of providence, in taking away one source of your earthly happiness. You will also be grateful to him for sparing to you a sweet and charming child, and for giving it health while your time was entirely taken up with her distressed sister. You will, dear children, hereby see, that your dear J. must not be idolized, but that it is your duty to enjoy her as the gift of God, or rather as lent to you by him, and as liable to be taken away at any time when he sees it fit and best, and for your own good. We pray that her precious life may be spared, and that she may be made a rich and lasting blessing to her parents, and other dear friends.

You have noticed Dr. Johnson's consolatory letter to his friends, under the loss of a child, and I shall copy some parts of the venerable Mr. Newton's letter to his friends on a similar occasion. "I hope you are both reconciled to the death of your child. Indeed, I cannot be sorry for the death of infants. How many storms do they escape! Nor can I doubt, in my private judgment, that they are included in the election of grace. Perhaps those who die in infancy, are the exceeding great multitude of all people, nations and languages mentioned Rev. vii, 9. in distinction from the visible body of professing believers, who were marked in their foreheads, and openly known to be the Lord's."*

"If either of your children should be removed, I shall not so distinctly ascribe it to its illness, as to the will of God; for if, upon the whole, it be the most for his glory,

* Newton's Works, vol. I. page 182.

and best for you, they likewise shall recover. Should he appoint otherwise, it must be best, because he does it; and a glance of the light of his countenance, the influence of that grace which he has promised shall be afforded according to our day, will enable you to resign them. I do not say it will cost you no pain, but, in defiance of the feelings of flesh and blood, you will, I trust, hold nothing so dear that you have received from him as to be unwilling to return it into his hands when he is pleased to call for it. He will help you to remember that you owe him all; that your children are not properly your own. He lent them, and every creature comfort you enjoy, and has a right to resume them. We do not like to have any thing forced from us which is our own; but it would be dishonest in us to want to keep what we have only borrowed, if the right owner demands it. Further, the Lord is not only sovereign, but infinitely wise and good: and therefore it is our interest, as well as our duty, to acquiesce in his appointments. Should you be called to the trial, I wish you the same supports and the submission as Mr.—— had when he parted with his little one lately; and as you have the same God, and the same promises, I hope you will."

Your parents and other friends here are in usual health, through the goodness of God. *We* have been carried through another year, while about forty have died in this town, and but five or six of them so old as we are. We unite in love to Susan, and the dear child, and to your brothers and sisters, and our dear grand children. Respects to your father A. and the family, from your affectionate parents, B. and S. Tappan.

To L. T.

NORTHAMPTON, April 14, 1818.

MY DEAR SON—Your parents, my dear children, desire to sympathize with you under the bereavement you have suffered in the death of your brother. S. must sensibly feel the loss of a brother who has ever treated her with kindness and attention, from her childhood to this time, in addition to the loss in being bereaved of a tender and beloved mother and a first born child; but we hope and pray that she may be supported and comforted by the consolations of religion, ever realizing that God has a right to do what he will with his own, and that he does not willingly grieve nor afflict the children of men.

You have also been threatened with the loss of your only child, your beloved J.; but God has graciously heard the prayers that have been offered for her, and has spared her, so that you may sing of mercy as well as of judgment. You will, I trust, dedicate her to the service of Him from whom you have, as it were, again received her, and receive the gift as loaned to you for a time, to be called for at his sovereign will and pleasure. You must not set your affections on any thing on the earth, (not even on a beloved and only child) so as to make it an idol, and put it in the place of the Supreme Being, who is worthy of, and demands the homage, love and adoration of all his intelligent creatures.

We are not forbidden to love our children, and we are monsters if we do not love them, but we must not substi-

tute them in the place of God, and let our love and best affections be drawn off from the Creator to the creature. We must love Him with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength, and his creatures in a subordinate degree, and as they bear his image and likeness. * * * * *

We are in usual health, through divine goodness and mercy, but your sister S. has not been very well of late. She is better to-day. Deacon S. lives longer than I had reason to expect by I.'s last letter. You will present the love of your parents to your dear wife, and give the little J. a sweet kiss for us. Our love also to your brothers, and sisters, and our grand children.

Your affectionate father,

BENJ. TAPPAN.

From Mrs. S. T. to C. T.

(Omitted in its proper place.)

DEAR C.—I must repeat to you what I observed when you were here, that if you had such a view of the human heart as I had, you would feel your need of an Almighty Savior. My own feelings were indescribable; but if it should please God to bring you to the knowledge of the truth, as it is clearly revealed in his word, the concern you may feel for your dear children may explain them to you. * * *

What need we care how little we are in the opinions of our fellow worms, if we may but shine as stars in the kingdom of heaven. This is all that is worth our pursuit; and shall we miss it by our own folly, when the

promises are so full and so free? Alas, it is an evil heart of unbelief that destroys us. "*Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.*" John v, 40. "*Him that cometh to me* I *will in* NO WISE cast out." John vi, 37. O, neglect not this great salvation; seek and you *shall* find.

DEAR C.—You have indeed experienced a wonderful interposition of Divine Providence in saving you from sudden death; and I rejoice in the effect it has upon your mind. O, that it may be a prelude to your more clear conviction, and your acceptance of that mercy which is offered by the atonement by him who knew no sin, but was made sin for us, that we might be clothed upon with his perfect righteousness. This is indeed a foundation on which we may safely rest all our hopes for eternity. There is indeed no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved. "*For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: It is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast.*" Eph. ii, 8, 9. For we are his workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works, not of merit, but the love of Christ constraining us to new obedience. To them that believe he is precious. That this may be the experience of my dear children, and theirs, is the highest wish I can form; and while praying breath remains, it will, I trust, be my earnest prayer, well knowing that the best words I can speak, are ineffectual until explained and applied by the Spirit of God, who alone can open the heart, and give clear views of its depravity, and also the infinite righteousness and grace of Christ Jesus.

If I understood you rightly, there is one text at which you stumble more than at any other—"*But of that day and that hour, knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.*" Mark xiii, 32. Is it, then, a dark saying, and hard to be understood, that God dwelt bodily in Christ, and yet did not reveal to his human mind that which was in His own secret counsel, and which had no connection with the great work of redemption, for which alone he took our nature? For that he was every way fitted, and perfectly accomplished, although we have at Gethsemane full evidence that his human nature was not equal to the work. Why else did he pray, in an agony, that if it were possible the cup might pass from him?

It appears to me that all the difficulty lies, in not properly distinguishing between his divine and human nature. That he was God and man, is clearly held forth in Scripture. In the Old Testament he is called "Jehovah," Gen. xviii, 14, 17, 20. "Eternal," Psalm cx, 4. "Omnipotent," Isa. ix, 6. And "Creator," Heb. i, 2, 10. "Eternal Governor," v, 8. "He wrought miracles in his own name," Luke v, 13. "He knew the heart," Luke vi, 8. "He forgave sins, and was equal with God," Phil. ii, 6. "All men are commanded to honor the Son as they honor the Father," John v, 23. The apostle says, "*Great is the mystery of Godliness; God was manifest in the flesh,*" 1 Tim. iii, 16. In another place it is said, angels desire to look into it. And shall frail man reject it because his reason cannot comprehend it, and seek to be wise above what is written? Is it not enough that

God hath said it? The Bible is not man's device, but holy men of old wrote as the Spirit of God dictated; and we are assured that all Scripture is given by inspiration, and is for our instruction. Let us then receive it in faith and love, praying earnestly for the divine influences of the Holy Spirit to enlighten our dark understandings, and bring us to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, that we be neither barren nor unfruitful in the work of the Lord, for the time is short, and our day of probation may soon be over.

If we believe we shall be saved. "*Ye believe in God, believe also in me,*" says our Savior, John xiv, 1. I and my Father are one. "*He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.*" "*If ye shall ask any thing in my name* I WILL DO IT," John xiv, 14.

As L. and yourself seem to think, or rather say, that my religion is the effect of early education, I think it my duty to assure you that that is not the case; and to state to you such particulars as I can recollect to prove it. My parents, it is true, were orthodox in sentiment, and truly pious; but if they endeavored to make me either, it was lost labor, at least until I was nearly twenty years old. So far that I was then without any saving knowledge of God, or the way of salvation by the redemption offered in his word. Not but that I had experienced the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and had repeatedly made, what I called good resolutions, which were soon forgotten.

I was for the most part, as thoughtless, perhaps, as ever any creature could be, but God who is rich in mercy, still waited upon me to be gracious. When about twenty

I visited Falmouth and the Vineyard. At Falmouth I heard a plain sermon from these words, "*For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*" Mark viii, 36. I recollected I had often heard sermons from that text, but never felt the truth as it was then enforced. The impression was deep and lasting. The next day a young woman came to the house on a visit. We had never met before, but she also was under deep convictions. We knew of no other persons who felt as we did, and as out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, we soon became interested in each other, and retired where we could converse freely together. From this time, without any one to assist me, the truths contained in the Bible opened more fully to my mind, and I read and heard, with the greatest astonishment at my past wilful ignorance. I was indeed as one new born, and God's glorious character was visible in all his works, to that degree that I thought it was wonderful that the stones did not upbraid man with his ingratitude, for all things else that had breath, or life, seemed to utter forth his praise.

The March after I was twenty-one, I publicly took the seal of the covenant, and gave up myself to God, to be his, relying wholly on the merits of the glorious Jesus for acceptance with God, and strength to perform my engagements. By the influences of the Holy Spirit, and through many temptations, and much weakness, I have been enabled to persevere, and to receive light more abundantly. I am now waiting in hope for my great change, when I shall be freed from sin, and when prayer shall cease to be

a delightful privilege, when all, all shall be turned to praise. Dear children, who choose to be wise above what is written, shall be resigned to God, and he will be glorified in those who are lost, even as by those who are saved. But here my heart must have continual sorrow for those who *will* not believe.

My experience, for more than fifty years, has confirmed me more in the truth of the doctrines of grace than all I have heard or read besides; and I must believe that THOSE WHO DENY THEM WILL MISS OF HEAVEN AT LAST. Their own righteousness, however perfect, will fail. I cannot describe to you how I have felt, after hearing a minister of the Gospel set forth the love and tenderness of the Savior towards the afflicted, while he dwelt on earth, in the most pathetic manner, and then close the book without one allusion to that wonderful love and pity which brought him from the bosom of his Father to suffer such an amazing weight of agony, and insult even unto death, for lost, and, but for that, undone man. This purchased inheritance, his imputed righteousness, is all my hope, all my dependence. I have no claim to any other. I am a poor sinner, unworthy of the least mercy, but Christ came to receive and save such, and therefore I hope to receive mercy as a free gift. With such views how can I but esteem him as the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely, and most ardently desire that my children may believe as I do. But I can only weep where most I love.

S. T.

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